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THE

# HOURS,

A Poem,

IN FOUR IDYLLS.

BY

HENRY HUDSON, Esq.

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Les Muses sont des abeilles volages,  
Leur goût voltige, il fuit les longs ouvrages,  
Et ne prenant que la fleur d'un sujet,  
Vole bientôt sur un nouvel objet.

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## PREFACE.

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AT a time when the romance in rhyme so frequently issues from the British press, the following poem is offered to the public, in hopes that variety, at least, will recommend its perusal. It is not at present intended to point out the advantages or defects peculiar to descriptive poetry, but perhaps it may be worth observing, that the term idyll, here adopted as one of the most unassuming, is not applicable to any kind of poem in particular: by Theocritus, Statius, Ausonius, and others, it has been variously used, and, in fact, signifies nothing more than a picture or representation.

The change of measure here resorted to for variety, seemed by custom to call for the introduction of rhyme, although Collins's beautiful Ode to Evening, and some others in the English language, might perhaps have well warranted the rejection of so trifling an appendage. The subject of a brief story in the third idyll was suggested by the recollection of a tale, read several years ago in some periodical publication.



# The Hours.

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FOUR IDYLLS.

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## MORNING.

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### IDYLL I.

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Prologue—Sunrise over an English landscape in the Spring, with the commencement of rural labour—Italian scenery—The dawn unfolding over a desert region of Mount Atlas : over a cultivated Mexican prospect—in the South Seas—Morning described in a city—Rural scene—Scene on the sea-coast—The beautiful appearance of the sky indicative of storms—A tempestuous autumnal morning described—A winter's morning—Variety of sensations affecting man on the developement of this hour—A tale.



# The Hours.

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## IDYLL I.

---

ἦλυθεν Ἡὼς,  
— ἀμφὶ δ' αὖτ' αὐτῇ  
Κούραι ἑὺπλοκαμοὶ δυωδεκά, τῆσι μεμηλῆν  
Αἰὲν ἐλίσσόμενε Ὑπεριονος αἶπα κελευθα.

QUINT. CALAB. PARAL. lib. 2.

---

O'ER the softly swelling deep,  
Where, wrapt in gloom, lone midnight lies,  
Reviving Nature breaks the bonds of sleep,  
And bids the rosy mantled Hours arise.

Lo! dissolving clouds of gold  
Realms of streaming light unfold,  
While from Ocean's sparkling verge,  
A smiling train, the maids emerge;



# The Hours.

---

## IDYLL I.

---

ἦλυθεν Ἡὼς,  
— ἀμφὶ δ' αὖτ' αὕτη  
Κούραι ἑὺπλοκαμοὶ δυωδεκά, τῆσι μεμηλεν  
Αἰὲν ἐλίσσόμενα Ἵππεριονος αἶψα κελευθα.

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Where, wrapt in gloom, lone midnight lies,  
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Realms of streaming light unfold,  
While from Ocean's sparkling verge,  
A smiling train, the maids emerge;

Still as they rise more lovely seem,  
And brighten like a fairy dream.

Now across the dun expanse,  
On purple wing, they swift advance,  
And shed, as fair their features glow,  
Glad influence on a world below:  
But trace we, changeful as they fly,  
Their course in rhymeless melody.

Retiring slow before the radiant sheet  
Of amber, that still reddens o'er the hills,  
Grey twilight quits the plain, and dubious hangs  
Beside the eastern cliff, while deeper shades  
Reluctant brighten o'er the gloomwrapt dell.  
Dissolving, with each faint ethereal spark,  
In liquid azure, red Orion fades;  
Whilst the bright herald of returning morn  
Shoots forth her silver beams, and gently heaves  
In paler lustre on the restless wave.  
But half-discovered through the dusk, at first  
Scarce known, each rural object gradual takes  
Its wonted form, till beauteous reappears,  
Though still in sombre charms, the landscape round.  
At length across the glowing welkin darts  
On western ridge the swift-ascending sun,  
And fires its rugged front; each moment sheds



Down its dunmantled side a broader blaze  
Of vivid glory. In their bowers rejoice  
The silvan choristers, and dew-bright flow'rs,  
In all the gay exuberance of spring,  
Unfold their blushing petals to exhale  
Their grateful tribute in the passing breeze.

Lo! on the rampir'd castle's ancient pride  
Refulgent strikes the ray. Of changeful hue,  
The sullen haze that veils the slope beneath  
Withstands awhile its power, then opens wide,  
And, in majestic sweep receding, shews  
The darksome umbrage of its woody stole.  
Peer from embow'ring elms the village spire,  
And square-embattled tow'r, whose shifting vane  
Gleams with the new-born light, which still descends,  
And, gilding the dark sepulchre below,  
Scares wizard Superstition from his nook.

Upwafted high in tremulous ascent  
The skylark plies her wing, and as she mounts  
In sweetest harmony salutes the morn;  
Exulting dares the cock with clarion clear  
His bold antagonist. The chorus join  
Rome's trusty guardians, to the neighb'ring pool  
In early progress; and elate amongst

The feather'd throng, in all his glory spreads  
The crested peacock his irradiate train.

To harmony awoke, the coppice pours  
The many varied lay. From ev'ry fence  
Some trilling strain resounds. From the tall oak,  
In bushy foliage hid, the cuckoo oft  
Repeats her wonted song; and distant heard,  
From the dark fir-grove cooes the turtle-dove.

In the closed homestall low the kine, intent  
On the green pasture, that, adjacent, spreads  
Its dewy surface far. The bleating flock,  
In the near fold expectant, seems to blame  
The slumb'ring shepherd. See, at length he comes,  
But not in semblance he of gentle swain,  
Of dainty wight, in pastoral romance,  
Sighing for lady's love; but singing blythe  
Incondite strain; in homely garb inwrapt,  
Ruddy and strong, roughstriding o'er the clod.

And is the call of labour prompt to rouse  
Her yet more toiling sons. Leads forth his charge  
The carter-boy still loose, and on his way  
Regardless loit'ring, th' angry ploughman's curse  
Provokes. Together link'd at length his team,

In their trim gear exulting, toss their heads,  
And haste a-field. Already to his task  
The sower hies, and o'er the furrow'd soil  
His burthen scatters; or, with nicer art,  
Marks out in equidistant rows his course;  
Which, when adorn'd with springing verdure, seems  
The cultur'd garden. Near at hand the rook  
His progress marks, anon with busy host  
To blacken the wide field, and hold in scorn  
The howling boy, or idol guard array'd  
In all the terrors that his wit supplies.

In the wide open'd barn the whirling flail,  
With regular successive stroke, resounds  
To greet the farmer's ear; or chiming bells,  
That note his wain on passage to the mart,  
Warn him of gain and raise the joyous smile;  
Till summing up his profit, he repines  
To think how poor is honest labour's thrift;  
How rich the lazy splendour of the Great.

Delightful science, in pursuit of gain  
Thy sister Commerce has outstript thee far;  
Yet in Contentment's ever tranquil seat,  
Thy pleasing cares shall still relax in smiles  
Philosophy's strain'd brow: thy useful toil  
Shall nerve the patriot warrior's ready arm;

In thy secluded walks shall Censors muse,  
And Cincinnati wait the call of Fame.

Beams over eastern regions a full flood  
Of peerless glory; over gardens deck'd  
With variegated bloom, conspicuous, where  
The tulip with its cluster'd dewstars glows,  
And late its half-blown beauties that disclos'd  
To tuneful nightingales, in all its charms,  
In all its fragrance, spreads the Persian rose.  
But let the bard of bright Iran pourtray  
The bounteous prospect, and then, grateful, bend  
In humble adoration to his God.

Fair o'er Achaia, o'er Ausonia fair,  
Blushes the balmy hour. O'er ruins grey  
In groves embosom'd. Over silver lakes,  
On whose romantic shores their pinnacles  
Thick peopl'd cities point; along the heights  
Of rugged Appennine imparting joy,  
In contrast to the gloom of many a dell  
As Vallombrosa dark. See bright'ning now  
The liquid mirrors of innumerable streams,  
Rolling in serpent course o'er meadows green  
To thee, Eridanus, in tribute; king  
Of fertilizing floods, the fav'rite theme  
Of Poet's song, e'en to those distant times,

When the rash youth, by Jove's unerring bolt  
Struck from his radiant car, with blazing locks  
Plung'd headlong, like a meteor, in thy waves.

Lo, wand'ring changeful thus o'er classic ground,  
Imagination rests on thee, great bard,  
By soft-ey'd Naiads woo'd; by Muses taught,  
Contending who should first impose a wreath  
Upon thy infant brow, and lead thee forth  
To fame immortal. On thy Mantuan farm,  
Marks thee to list'ning shepherds tuning soft  
Sicilian strains, melodious as were those,  
With which, thy master on his Doric reed,  
Or Etna's steeps, or Arethusa's bank  
Enliven'd. Now beholds thee lost in thought  
On some high promontory, beetling bold  
O'er rough Benacus, by its mountain blast  
Assail'd, and heaving with the sudden storm.

Beauteous the scene where placid Arno flows,  
Hallow'd by thee, Lorenzo, to the Muse,  
And thy illustrious grandsire; when the sun  
Of learning broke refulgent o'er the soul,  
As now Hyperion o'er a glowing world.  
Beauteous, where, with her ancient oaks begirt,  
Acquapendente shews her grottoes hoar  
Half hid in shade; where spreads Bolsena wide

With verdant isle, and castellated cliff,  
And mingling groves adorn'd, her radiant sheet.

From hence more southward note we the cascades  
Of Tivoli, where many a torrent clear,  
Peering through boxen grove, meanders wild;  
Or intermediate the fair prospect, where  
In foam Velino, thund'ring down its steep  
Of darksome rock, precipitate impels  
To Tibur's ampler flood resounding Nar.  
Imperial Tibur, tow'rs upon whose bank,  
In gloomy grandeur, sanctified repose,  
Proud of her crumbling ruins, ancient Rome;  
Still boastful of those days, when Triumph led  
With terror pale, with bootless anger fir'd,  
Or coward shame abash'd, barbaric bands  
Enshackl'd through her street; though now averse  
To enterprise and arms, and long unus'd  
To the rude conflict of infuriate War.

O'er realms, where Mauritanian Atlas piles  
High in blue ether his disjointed chain,  
By twilight mingled in deep mass of shade,  
Shapeless and huge, with brilliant verge of gold  
Distinctly tracing each impurpled crag  
The landscape glows, and straight his range immense  
Of tow'ring cliff displays, here bright with rock

And burnish'd precipice, there chequer'd dark  
With cave, and brake, and woods of waving pine;  
In the soft semblance of a fleecy cloud  
In distance seen, then sinking into nought  
Close on th' horizon's marge. Delightful scene  
Of rude and vast magnificence! but here,  
No pleasing note of shepherd to his flock  
Returning strikes the ear; no echoing cry  
Of jocund huntsman, winding through the dale,  
Awakes the soul to joy; the savage howl,  
And mingled roar, that on the blast of night,  
Struck terror through the wild, at rising dawn  
Sinks into sullen murmur, and at length  
In silence dies away. Full gorg'd with blood  
The lion couches at the cavern's mouth,  
And smooths his clotted mane; or yawning spreads  
Loose on his grassy lair his giant limbs;  
While animated nature sleeps around  
In deep repose; save where from their haunts  
Bright speckled snakes uplift their graceful heads,  
And through the matted brake in silence glide  
To bask in glitt'ring ringlets on the green.

Here are the vivid charms of nature lost  
To contemplative man. No human foot  
Treads the warm glade, the breezy summit scales,  
Or penetrates the thorn-entangled maze

Of the deep thicket. Haply o'er the steep  
Descending slow, winds on its wonted way  
The Moorish Caravan; o'er scorching sands  
To roam unnoticed, and on traffic bent,  
Inhuman traffic, the scant harmless race  
Of central Afric to diminish more,  
And lay them fetter'd at some tyrant's foot.

Serene, ascending o'er the deep blue vault  
Of purest skies; on snow-capt mountain's top,  
And dim volcano, shines the golden orb,  
In trans-Atlantic realm; revealing wide,  
Beyond the tropic, a relucient world  
Of cloud-encircled steep, of upland plain,  
Of lawn and forest, cataract and lake,  
In rich diversity. From brighten'd grove,  
Exuding liquid amber, and fresh tears  
Of medicinal balm, far wafts the gale  
Ambrosial fragrance. Intermingling boughs  
Of leaf, and flow'r, and fruit, at once display  
Their varied splendour. O'er their tops, allur'd  
From covert shades, innumerable wings  
Of azure and bright scarlet hov'ring light,  
An undulating canopy extend  
Too vivid for the eye. Profusion fair,  
Beyond whate'er of paradise hath sung  
Enraptur'd bard. Nor destitute the scene



Of cultivated mead, corn-waving field,  
Flocks and brown herds o'er many a verdant knoll  
Inclining devious; city, village, farm,  
And tufted cottage. Venerable peers,  
In lonely glade, the broken pyramid,  
Tomb of some ancient chief, who haply rais'd  
In vain against invasion his bold arm.

And here, in mitigation of the wrongs  
Invasion offers, might be urg'd the plea  
Humanity prefers; had that alone  
Prompted th' aggressive bands; as to the mind  
The mould'ring walls of some barbaric fane  
Those pristine rites recall, foul with the blood  
Of human victim, in profusion shed  
For loathsome banquet; such as struck thine eye,  
Hernando, when far-gleaming brands illum'd  
Thy naked comrades, in horrific dance  
Round the grim god of war, and pierc'd thine ear,  
In piteous shrieks, the well-known voice of each  
Submitting to his fate, till torture's hand  
Tore from his breast the palpitating heart,  
For impious off'ring at an idol's shrine.

Increasing still in industry and arts  
Will these vast regions shine. As Europe yields  
Her splendour and renown, and spreads again

Her black impenetrable forests wide;  
In Amazonian plains shall cities rise,  
In commerce rich; to Orinoko's banks  
Shall plenty, science, elegance resort,  
When the rude shores of Tagus and of Seine,  
A dreary wilderness, shall scarce afford  
The starving savage a precarious meal.

But, lo! yon wide rent chasm, whose fractur'd walls,  
High rear'd, so aptly corresponding, seem  
A mountain cleft in twain, invites my song,  
Though in faint strain unequal, to review  
The ruinous cause, whose subterranean shock,  
Resistless bursting the firm-crust'd globe,  
Works direful change; whose desolating course,  
More rapid far than are the death-wing'd shafts  
Of pestilence or war, more terrible  
Than rage of wildest hurricane, appall'd  
Bears down whole congregations to the grave.  
Deep hollow murmurs, whence unknown, denote  
The fatal hour at hand; far from its shores  
Retires the sea, relinquishing awhile  
Its rugged caverns naked, to return  
In sweeping deluge, o'er the high cliff toss'd  
Stranding on inland hill the shatter'd bark.  
A few slight tremors first, with strange alarm,  
And dire foreboding fill the tranquil pause

That brief succeeds: then rapid rushes on  
Stupendous ruin. Heav'd from their broad base,  
The snow-capt mount, and promontory huge,  
To distant fields transporting flocks and herds,  
Incline their crumbling heads. Convuls'd, the plain  
Yawns wide, and from its entrails vomits forth,  
In torrents, flood and flame. Deep in the gulf  
At once the city sinks, in full renown,  
In all the pride of commerce, arts, and arms,  
Leaving to after-ages but a name.  
Or, rudely shaken by some hand unseen,  
On man's devoted head destruction pours,  
And dome and spire, and battlement and tow'r,  
At the same moment nod; then prone to ground  
Down dash'd, with long reverberated roar  
Of loudest thunder, heap their ruins high,  
Entombing thousands. These, in sudden flight  
Arrested, singly perish. Those in throngs,  
Who haply might have scap'd, delay'd, alas!  
By piety ill-tim'd, while the pale priest  
Grasping his cross led onward to the fane,  
And undesigning certified their doom.  
Such the dire visitation thou hast known,  
Fair Lima; Arequipa, such thy fate,  
And harsher still, thine, Riobamba, now  
No more, of thy locality not e'en  
A monument, a vestige left behind.

In southern clime beyond the distant track  
Of Capricorn; o'er solitary seas  
Heaving immense th' unbroken range of wave  
Broad daylight spreads, in splendour o'er a waste  
To shine unseen, or mantle the steep walls  
Of some volcanic isle, uprear'd amid  
A boundless deluge. Haply there remain,  
Dissever'd from their race, in quest of skins  
Of herds marine that bask abundant round,  
By need reduc'd, a small advent'rous band,  
Climbing expectant each returning morn  
The highest crag, to view their wish'd for bark  
Beyond its promis'd time so long delay'd.  
As thus in hope the seasons roll away,  
At long, drear intervals, each distant sail  
Is hail'd with joy; but so is hail'd, alas!  
To pass them by, and leave them still forlorn.

Perchance, but one survivor left at last,  
Lies him despondent on the barren cliff,  
Where loose the tatter'd garment streams in air  
His only ensign; on surrounding waves  
Poring contemplative; o'er their hoar tops,  
Pleas'd, when the wheeling sea-bird wings her way;  
Pleas'd with the varying forms of floating clouds,  
Of rugged shadows from impending rocks  
Thrown dark and distant; from distressful thought

A brief diversion. So pass the dull hours,  
Till sleep succeeds; from whose protracted dream  
Awaking sudden, on some blissful day,  
Near and full booming on his isle he sees  
The friendly vessel; answers her glad hail,  
Pouring resistless the full flood of joy.

But let attention rest, from distant shores  
Returning, o'er more hospitable realms:  
And hark, the city stirs. With thund'ring wheel,  
And ring of iron'd hoof, in distance breaks  
The sullen murmur first, then swelling, join'd  
By the rude dissonance of countless tongues,  
Soon thickens into loud tumultuous din.  
Gradual along the quay and early mart  
Is seen assembling man; while the broad stream,  
That wafts abundance down its peopled shores,  
Is yet immers'd in shade, or partial shews  
A line of light, from blazing windows glanc'd  
O'er its dun wave, as the unwelcome sun  
Makes pale the festive tapers of the hall,  
Where revelry still dances out the hour  
Untir'd and heedless; or unwilling steals  
Through the close grate of some sad captive's cell,  
Waking to sigh the victim of despair:  
To muse o'er pleasures past, then sink a prey  
To present sorrow; haply ere the chimes

Have clos'd th' existing hour, to be led forth  
Amid a gazing multitude, to breathe  
His last upon the scaffold : Ah ! how oft  
The final scene of virtue as of vice ;  
The gaol of guiltless, and of guilty kings ;  
Where the firm patriot ends a life of toil,  
And heroes who have conquer'd, who have bled  
To guard their country's weal, yield to their doom,  
Unhonour'd by the vacillating crowd.

Milder and milder still the tepid air  
Diffuses balm around, and grateful spreads  
A fost'ring influence. Tempted by the glow,  
Last of all creatures, from their little cells,  
By man scarce noted, on each leaf and twig  
Disport the insect tribe ; or light extend  
The glitt'ring wing, and to the gentle breeze  
Resign'd, flit devious o'er the sunny field.  
Bright as the flower he wooes, conspicuous shines  
The butterfly ; gay rival of the bee  
On each emblossom'd bank, and thoughtless borne  
Close to the streamlet's eddy, from his haunt  
Alluring to the surface the keen trout,  
The russet mayfly strikes the angler's eye.

Refulgent winding o'er the verdant mead,  
That to the grasp of many a youthful hand

Its sweets resigns, of glowing buttercup,  
And pale-starr'd daisy, the fresh stream affords  
To playful boys for holiday releas'd  
A healthful bath. Upon its marge they sport  
Assembled thick; or stooping from high bank  
For headlong plunge, or on the sandy shoal  
Emergent, gleaming with embrighten'd back  
Through rushes green: a gay, much envied band,  
And oft ey'd wishful by less joyous wight  
To school slow-creeping, and from hated page  
Low-mumbling on his way, and loit'ring still,  
At each cross-path, the new-bought taw to try;  
Which, in despite of pedagogue's dark frown  
For task unknown, will o'er his mind prevail.

Buxom amid her speckled herd, aloud  
The milk-maid chants; while wand'ring distant, lows,  
'Reft of her calf, some joyless cow, in vain  
Pouring her plaint in long repeated moans,  
Adown the covert side resounding far.

Where rude hoar-crested billows lash the beach,  
Through high-rebounding spray the fisher heaves  
His boat astrand. Eager behind him strive  
The weather-beaten comrades of his toil,  
And many a swelling sail, and lab'ring oar  
Press in sharp contest first to reach the shore,



And gain the mart. Beneath the night's dark cope,  
And noontide's shadeless beam, their little fleet  
Has rode the wave; at ev'ning from the cliff  
Upon the horizon's verge by shepherd seen,  
And from the loftier promontory's brow,  
As dusky spots on the resplendent face  
Of ocean's middle waste. Unlading now,  
Th' awaiting crowd assist the crews to land  
The plenteous freight, whose silver-mottled sides  
Shine bright, as leaping on the sand they feel  
Th' unusual influence of the solar beam.  
Anon, in order rude is borne along  
Some black and shapeless monster of the deep,  
And circulates the tale, in landsman's ear  
To swell the wonders of the liquid realm.

O'er ether's surface the light broken clouds  
Accumulate, of ever-changing hue  
With burnish'd scales invest the radiant vault,  
And from deep purple kindling into gold,  
Seem one vast panoply. Th' emblazon'd wave  
Reflects the lustre, and on ev'ry side  
The face of nature reddens: as the swain  
Peeps from his glowing cottage, and observes  
The bright prognostic of the brooding storm.  
Yet all around is beauteous, all benign,  
And gentle. Winnow'd by Favonian breath



Scarce moves the pensile bough ; to curious eye  
Though knotted clover shews th' inverted leaf,  
And lax the petal of half-closing flow'r.

How unlike this fair scene, the prospect drear  
That Autumn, boisterous in her wane, displays,  
Dank with loud show'r, with blast infuriate. Then,  
Howling in darkness through the lengthen'd night,  
With aggravated force the tempest raves,  
And morning mantled in a streaming cloud  
Breaks faintly o'er the landscape, to illumine  
The devastation round. The roofless tow'r  
Nods in the gale. The venerable oaks,  
That have so long withstood the rude assault  
Of each revolving equinox, to ground  
Have bow'd their branching heads, or o'er the park,  
Strewn thickly, shew their huge dissever'd limbs :  
Wide in the vale beneath the deluge foams,  
With roar incessant, flashing on the ear  
Yet louder in the wind, until upheav'd  
By the resistless current from its pier,  
Sinks floundering in the waves the pond'rous arch.

Of fretted rocks impetuous o'er its bed,  
With ampler flood, in circling foam descends  
The Cambrian cataract ; by many a rill  
That Summer knew not, o'er inclining heights

Of pasture trickling fast, in tribute swell'd ;  
Till with its thunder the rough mountain shakes,  
And long and loud the hollow valley moans  
In sullen echo: near the half-stript thorn,  
In penetrable shelter, girds him close,  
List'ning its changeful sound, the shepherd hind.

Glad from his kindred dream the huntsman turns,  
And early follows to the field his pack ;  
Whose spirit-stirring melody awakes  
Life's dullest hour to bliss. Unkennel'd, see,  
From his thick covert the sly plunderer steals,  
And tries the open plain : fast on his steps  
The tumult doubles. Exultation speeds,  
On falcon pennons, the pursuing throng ;  
And hill and dale, and level, swamp, and flood,  
In distance swift, retire beneath the bound  
Of loose-rein'd steed. But who can fully paint  
The transports wild that animate the soul  
Throughout the short-liv'd hour : of horse and hound  
The rival ardor. Thy aspiring muse,  
Experienc'd Somerville, could scarce attain  
A height sufficient for so bold a theme ;  
Yet on thy brow as fair a chaplet blooms,  
As e'er immortaliz'd didactic bard.

While the grey dawn with light dissolving clouds  
Mantles the vault of heav'n, and falling leaves,  
With early frost besilver'd, twinkle bright,  
O'er filmy stubble blythe the fowler hies;  
Before him cautious his fleet pointer bounds,  
Impatient to snuff up the tainted breeze,  
And by forbearance, eager to beguile  
The watchful covey. On his image fix'd  
To ground, and motionless, their wond'ring ken  
Revolves; now with mistrust and fear beheld,  
As near he draws, they run; or cower'd low  
And meditating flight, awhile remain  
Uncertain. By the gunner's hasty step  
At length alarm'd, on whirring wing aloft  
They mount confus'd, arrested in his course,  
And falling prone, or flutt'ring to the ground,  
Leaving the stricken victim to his fate.

Now, ere the season lose its leafy stole,  
Would inclination prompt to name in song  
The feather'd game, alluring to the field  
Of exercise and health. Yet while the moor  
Glow in its florid beauties, to pursue,  
In numbers meet, o'er purple hill and dale  
The grouse and heathcock; to recount the wiles,  
From matted clover flush'd, of stealthy crake;  
Or rouse the changeling quail, to southern clime

Delaying still his flight. But are there those,  
Of mild Braminic bosom, who abhor,  
As wanton cruelty of tyrant man,  
Th' enliv'ning sport. Among his fellow men  
Though he may well regard himself as pure,  
Whose hands were never stain'd with other blood;  
Whose lust for pow'r or fame ne'er led him on  
To human butchery, and made the scenes  
Of war familiar; and whose only guile  
Is practis'd in the chase. Perchance to some  
'Twere yet more pleasing to depict at large  
Th'aerial conflict, and the clouds among  
Soar with the dauntless falcon, as he dares  
His noblest quarry, with protended beak,  
Fierce darting on him now the stroke of death;  
By his bold successor on wary wing  
Now baffled, wearied out, and yielding; while  
His bloody pounces deep the victor strikes,  
Scatters his plummy honours in the blast,  
And brings him down triumphant. But enough,  
To narrower bounds restrain'd, our varying song  
Shall leave to abler bard th'enliv'ning theme.

How unlike this fair scene, the tardy dawn  
Leads on drear winter; o'er the dun expanse  
Of heav'n impelling swift the buoyant cloud;  
While still beneath his humble roof secure,

In slumber lies the clown; or waking turns  
To his dark casement an inquiring eye,  
And sinks again to rest. No voice without  
Is heard amid the gloom. In other realms,  
From mountain-side, alone the starveling wolf  
Howls to the hollow blast that strips the brake,  
And leaves his cold lair naked to the show'r.

Or is the half-illumin'd landscape lost  
In dense o'erhanging mist. Faint leafless elms  
Scarce mark the hedge-row, as the ploughman speeds  
His team, or leaves uncleft the harden'd clod,  
'Till noon-tide spread its fervour o'er the field  
Propitious to his toil. Deep glows the cheek  
Of smiling urchin as he slides the path;  
Or seeks the pool where trembling willows weep  
Their chrystal tears, and sudden darts aloft,  
From crispy sedge, the shrill-complaining snipe,  
Lost in a moment to his wond'ring eye.

Together shelter'd from th' inclement breeze,  
That from the East impels the flaky shower,  
Secure the cattle rest. By th' owner's eye,  
Oft measur'd those, with well replenish'd crib,  
That on their high-heap'd fodder pamper'd blow,  
In luxury extreme; while steal around,  
For the rejected handful suing hard,

The straw-fed steed, and steer for summer range  
Of fatt'ning marsh design'd. His bleating flock  
Alone excepted, that in thick wrapt fleece  
Amongst the frozen turnips seems to scorn  
The season's rigour, near him sees at once  
All the dependents on his various toil  
The smiling farmer. Big in ruffled plumes,  
Near the wide open'd barn th' assembl'd brood  
Contend, or keen watch for the flail laid by,  
And thrasher's absence: nor far off, in flocks  
Of hundreds, by the rick, embolden'd claim  
His largess, the wild tenants of the grove.

When Spring breathes freshest fragrance o'er the  
mead  
From cowslip banks: when Summer lights the rose  
With dew impearl'd, and through the garden sheds  
The sweets of orange flow'r: when Autumn leads  
The early beagles o'er the furrow'd plain,  
Or, with bold harriers sweeping down the slope,  
Awakes with harmony the echoing dell,  
Shall man the many proffer'd joys reject  
For senseless slumber? no, the smiling hour  
Invites to exercise, to business calls,  
Giving alacrity to each pursuit.  
Fresh from his fairy dream the poet woos  
His willing Muse; and rosy-visag'd Health

On Pleasure waits, as sages oft have sung,  
But none in more harmonious strain than thou,  
Instructive bard, in whom Apollo join'd  
' One pow'r of physic, melody and song.'

And yet, alas! in contrast many view  
Reviving day. How sweet its first approach,  
When seems observable to childhood's eye,  
Fearful unclos'd, a fainter shade of black  
On Night's dark pall; with strong dispersive charm  
Chasing vain terrors from the throbbing breast.  
How sweet to wishful mariner appears  
The first pale beam that through the welkin strikes,  
When his strain'd shallop 'mid the billowy storm  
Admits the flood, and to his ken reveals  
Still buffeting the surge her consort near.  
How joyous welcomes in the glowing dawn  
Th' expectant merchant, lighting into port  
The rich-fraught argosy, molesting dreams  
Had shewn him in the ocean deep ingulph'd,  
With all his golden hopes. But how beholds  
Its sad return th' incarcerated wretch,  
From his glad vision waking that had giv'n  
Him life and freedom; now he finds it false;  
Stretching his length, his iron bondage feels;  
With sudden impulse strives in vain to rend  
The shackles from his arm, and instant sinks



O'erwhelm'd with indignation and despair.  
How view it those arous'd to bear the pang  
Of ruthless pain, or heart-corroding care;  
Long suffering Wretchedness, that quits his couch  
To re-endure his woe; and Poverty,  
The hard privations of another day.  
How view it those of kindred friends bereft,  
Whose smiles made it so welcome; and how those  
By Love beguil'd, and with Grief's careless wound  
Consum'd and comfortless, at once depriv'd  
In one lost object of their ev'ry bliss.  
For you, ye fair, to those already penn'd  
In prouder lay, my feeble numbers add  
Still one more victim to resistless love.

In yon sequester'd valley, thick embower'd  
In sylvan shade, with varied features fair,  
Oft smil'd the maid that yielded to its flame,  
And oft with carol blyther than the lark  
In April morn beneath the radiant bow  
Of heav'n ascending, woke its glades to joy;  
To chaste affection from their infant years  
Increasing ever, a companion gay  
And careless as herself. No cavern hoar  
Among yon tow'ring rocks, no arbour green  
In yon dark woods, that has not echoed oft  
The wild effusion of their artless lays.



No walk beside the winding of the stream,  
Whose dewbright verdure has not often trac'd  
Their early steps; whose moon-illumin'd bow'rs,  
Rustling in evening breeze, have not alarm'd  
Their flutt'ring hearts with Fancy's changeful train  
Of childish terrors, to be laugh'd away.  
But late he left her, and now sleeps beneath  
The darksome shrouding of Atlantic waves.  
Poor mournful sufferer, with attention fix'd,  
Without a sigh, without a tear, she heard  
His hapless fate, and seem'd to treasure up  
Grief's ample stores, in ecstasy of woe,  
To vent them freely in the sacred hour  
Of solitude. Then mus'd, with sullen joy,  
O'er woodland scenes that knew their early loves;  
There linger'd till the village bell had rung  
His knell in midnight chimes, and when the sun  
Gladden'd the landscape with his early beams,  
There rush'd into the thicket's deepest shade,  
To shun the search of man. Distract at length,  
And warn'd by that commiserating Power,  
That sometimes to the wretched intimates  
The hour of dissolution; from her couch  
At early dawn arising, trac'd again,  
Yet more regardful, ev'ry well-known path;  
And in keen fitful agony of soul,  
Of glowing nature took her last farewell.

“ Full into day unfolds the purple dawn,  
High o’er the mountain darts the golden beam;  
Receding shadows quit the upland lawn,  
And darker trace the rude cliff in the stream.

“ In freshen’d hues, in exhalation sweet,  
Gay o’er the field expands each dewbright flow’r,  
And brightens ev’ry face, save one, to greet  
With wonted smiles th’ exhilarating hour.

“ Adown the serpent stream, through willows grey,  
With silver gleaming far, to mirth resign’d,  
Loud sings the fisher as he winds his way,  
And gives his white sail slanting to the wind.

“ High on the sunny summit of the rock,  
Tunes the glad shepherd boy his artless reed,  
Or vacant contemplates his rambling flock,  
Or counts the green waves rolling o’er the mead.

“ Above, upon the rude and trackless steep  
That decks with furze-bloom its impending brow,  
Wild in capricious sport, the kidlings leap,  
Nor heed the fearful precipice below.

“ So, heedless on destruction’s giddy brink,  
    Hang the rash crew that trust their bark to sea,  
    Then helpless in the gulfy ruin sink,  
    And leave some woestruck wretch to mourn like me.

“ Clear stream, that fades upon my sick’ning sight,  
    How oft I’ve stray’d along your willowy shore  
    With him, who view’d you still with fresh delight,  
    Yet left you, never to behold you more.

“ Pines, from yon storm-worn cliff that wave on high  
    Your sable tresses o’er the shadow’d vale,  
    With ye, in plaintive harmony, I sigh,  
    And murmur forth my sorrow to the gale.

“ See, where yon rocks their dusky bulwarks rear,  
    The ruthless falcon soaring for her prey:  
    Hark, the shrill scream of terror strikes my ear,  
    More grateful than the woodlark’s jocund lay.

“ For me no more these waving woods have charms,  
    That gently woo the tepid breath of spring:  
    I’ll seek the realm drear winter’s blast alarms,  
    And wildly sail on desolation’s wing:

- “ Muse o’er the billow-shatter’d vessel’s prow,  
Where the pale mariner, in speechless dread,  
Views the ascending wave, that threatens now,  
Now breaks, to close for ever o’er his head:
- “ Where stranded wrecks yield up their last resource,  
And fell despoilers batten on despair:  
Where the swol’n wave has dash’d the livid corse,  
And circling ospreys wing the troubled air.
- “ My brooding soul would gladden o’er the scene,  
And horror, wild, convulsive joy impart;  
But here, delusive pleasure smiles serene,  
And smiling cleaves this agonizing heart.
- “ Here let the pard await the flock’s return;  
The howling wolf imbrue his cheek in blood;  
The war’s wide havoc the lone peasant mourn,  
Whose pastures glow with slaughter’s crimson flood:
- “ Wave the rank fern o’er his deserted mead;  
The rugged bramble o’er the green hill’s side;  
Hous’d in his ruin’d porch the marten breed;  
Dark o’er his hearth the silent adder glide.

- “ Yet, on wild impulse of my frenzied brain,  
Why break thus rudely on the peaceful glade?  
No, like my tears, be such dread wishes vain,  
The selfish raving of a lovelorn maid.
- “ Bright scenes, so long joy’s unmolested seat,  
On some less hapless pair your charms bestow,  
Or be ye consolation’s calm retreat,  
And mitigate some lighter lover’s woe.
- “ Flow’r-waving breezes still with incense teem,  
Still through the dale the burst of pleasure swell,  
Still gently wanton o’er the chequer’d stream,  
And distant waft, my long, my last farewell.”

Faint the distressful victim sank to ground,  
As bade relenting Fate the struggle cease;  
Cast her last melancholy glance around,  
And clos’d her eyelids in the lap of Peace.

Sad lovely flowret, ere the Spring return,  
Beneath yon ever-verdant holmoak’s shade,  
Maids, chaste as thee, shall raise the sculptur’d urn,  
To crown the green turf where thy bones are laid.

There, shall the pallid snow-drop bow its head,  
The crocus there, its golden cup unclose,  
Like thine, whose beauties are untimely shed;  
That shrink and perish as the keen blast blows.

There, as thy monumental stones decay,  
Shall mute forsaken Melancholy rove;  
There, shall rude Mirth pause on his giddy way,  
And sorrowing, breathe the heartfelt sigh to love.

# N O O N.

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## IDYLL II.

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A Summer's Noon : the same as described in old Sicilian Pastoral—  
The Garden—Scenes on the Sea-coast—Rural View—Mauritanian  
and Syrian Scenes—Autumnal Noon, British Prospect—The  
Chase—Brumal Noon—The Hour in Trading Cities—Solitude.





## N O O N.

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### IDYLL II.

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**M**ORE brilliant still ascends the hour,  
And hill and rock, and leaf and flow'r,  
In yet more glowing hues array'd,  
Retract their ill-proportion'd shade;  
Till the surrounding scene displays  
A mantle of unmingled blaze.

Soft along Sogod's variegated vale  
Wantons the summer breeze, from snow-capt heights  
Wafting cool influence : o'er bright Shiraz,  
From beds of roses ever rifling sweets,  
To limpid fountains, through green cypress grove  
Responsive murmurs, and luxurious fans  
The glowing bosom of dark Persian maid.

Stretch'd at his ease, secure beneath th' arcade  
Of vast banyan, itself a stately grove,  
Deep with recess, and dark with leafy shade,  
Reclines the Indian, heedless of the pow'r  
Of noon-tide's burning beam. Above him heard,  
Of birds innumerable the varied note  
To pleasing indolence, or slumber lulls,  
Till Evening draws her dusky curtains round,  
And most sagacious of the feather'd race,  
As yet by man untutor'd, the bayà  
With the bright fire-fly lights her pensile nest.

In zenith glory now, with us, the sun  
Darts from his throne of flame his beams direct  
On the wide-glowing plain, and long has rais'd  
From the parch'd field the dewy stole of morn.  
In vain the panting cattle seek for shade;  
The lofty elms that late so far outspread  
Their darken'd forms, now luminous around,  
Refuse their succour; nought diverts the eye  
From the broad sheet of superficial glare.

From his laborious task the mower rests,  
And where the venerable beech extends  
Its long inclining boughs, in cool retreat  
Stretches his listless length. In silence sunk,  
Depopulate the rural world appears;

In the rude arbour, by his artless hand,  
Woven at eve, the shepherd lies conceal'd,  
And sound in sleep forgets his woolly charge;  
Rous'd by the fly, in sudden starts, his dog  
Alone gives animation to the scene.

Tir'd of the chase, as poets sung of old,  
Beneath the spreading oak, or tufted pine  
That points on high its cones, and whispers soft,  
Fann'd by the gentle breeze, in deep repose  
Lies sylvan Pan; and near on some green plat  
With blooming myrtles fring'd, a lifeless group  
Of Fauns recline. Each bow'r is still around;  
Ev'n the blythe lark forgets her wonted song,  
And in their leafy covert lizards hide.  
Hush'd is the rural pipe; from cave remote,  
Perchance in murmur faint the herdsman's tale  
Steals on the list'ning ear, with mingled sound,  
Thrown o'er adjacent rocks, of falling stream.

O'er-canopied by clear Sicilian skies  
Such the calm scene, by Arethusa's fount,  
By Acis' bank, or Etna's florid steep,  
Oft mark'd by thee, sweet Syracusan; oft  
By Smyrna's second sad lamented son,  
And him, who sweetly tun'd his rural reed  
To lays of love, and perish'd by its flame.

Let proud Calliope, in lofty strain,  
Sound the loud shell, and lead her bards to arms;  
Let her stern sister with terrific hand  
The blood-stain'd dagger raise; yet shall the Muse  
Of rural innocence, in simple grace,  
In their bright presence wear a wreath as green:  
Immortal Maro, still shalt thou divide  
Admiring man, when humble swains thy theme,  
And crested warriors; and hast thou, sweet bard  
Of silver Thames, who first in all its charms  
Awoke in British Isle the pastoral strain,  
In its rare melody surpass thyself,  
When in full pomp of buskin'd majesty.

Eager to drink the fullest blaze of light,  
Along the garden ev'ry flower appears  
In highest beauty; lone amid the maze  
That decks the gay parterre, transplanted late,  
The tender nursling droops its languid leaf,  
Unblown, and yet unequal to endure  
Th' inclement fervour. From their pale green hues  
Pomona's treasures turn; assuming deep  
The ruddy blush, the apricot and peach  
Far more inviting hang, as the strong heat  
Reflected quivers down the glowing wall.

From the rude shelter of the beetling rock  
How beauteous is the scene; throughout the bay,  
The blue waves curl along the yellow sands  
In gentlest murmur. From intrusion safe,  
On you flat isle, the congregated fowl  
Stand motionless; in strange fantastic form  
Outspread their snowy pinions in the sun,  
Or slumber, pois'd upon the single shank,  
Or busy trim their plumes. Her ev'ry sheet  
Expands the brigantine, yet scarcely makes  
The smallest progress. Ever on the change,  
As fancy ponders o'er the wat'ry waste,  
How wonderful appear the various means  
By one great Pow'r employ'd, whose plastic hand  
Through a material world, or works unseen,  
Minute and intricate, beyond the reach  
Of man's gross apprehension, or achieves  
The mighty revolution at a stroke,  
Sublime and awful. Now to sight ascends,  
By the weak efforts of a pigmy worm,  
The fabric huge, that fix'd on solid base  
Withstands an ocean's rage: now sudden rear'd  
From depths esteem'd interminable, high  
Points its rude barrier the volcanic isle.  
Here might we try to scan the secret laws  
Of nature, scrutinize the globe's decay,  
And renovation; to another mark

Oppos'd each bold hypothesis, and judge  
Between contending systems; but averse  
To the wide field of physical research,  
To humble themes returns th' excursive Muse,  
And on each plausible conclusion smiles.

On the green surface of the placid sea  
The nautilus hath set his hollow sail  
To catch the fickle breeze, that partial marks,  
By fits, the glassy plain. Slow gliding on,  
The vacant sailors from the shallop's side  
Bend o'er the coral reef, and contemplate  
The sun-illumin'd grottoes of the deep,  
With many a beauteous conch, and branching sponge  
Tempting the eye. At this resplendent hour,  
Of old, would Doris rise, in triumph borne  
By sportive dolphins, bounding o'er the wave  
In pearly shell of each soft-varying hue,  
By polish'd rocks of Cyclad, to behold,  
With liquid gems and sparkling amber crown'd,  
Her sea-nymphs dancing naked on the strand.

How bright the foliage of yon stately grove  
Its varied hues displays; there pointing from  
Its deep green mantle, the high-tap'ring spire  
Of venerable fane. Th' expanse of light  
O'er all diffus'd, reflect the neighbouring hills

Of form fantastic, and in gay attire  
Of cultivation rob'd, delight the eye  
With rich diversity. Ev'n the close glen  
Is now awhile emblazon'd, and aloft  
Tow'ring in full sublimity appears  
The cloudless mountain, whose high ridge repels  
The boreal storm, and whose empurpled side  
Rugged and vast, with torrents furrow'd deep,  
Closes abrupt the hollow-winding vale.

Together crowded in the shallow ford  
Knee-deep the cattle stand. Half-shelter'd, near  
Reclines the silent angler, from his sport  
Loth to desist; and inconsiderate  
Of the strong-scorching fervour, playful boys  
Still give their gleaming bosoms to the flood:  
While from her covert of thick flags, unseen  
The moorhen chatters, and, elusive, mocks  
Of their successful dog the keen pursuit.

O'er flower-embellish'd mead and reedy bank  
Exult the insect tribe; among them bright  
His chequer'd vans and dark blue coat of mail  
Displays the dragon-fly, but late emerg'd  
From his long-tenanted abode, the pool,  
Through the brief moon of latter life to range  
In fresher lustre, more vivacious joy.

As silent o'er his contemplative sport,  
In maze of thought involv'd, the angler rests;  
Low on her black-arch'd wing the swallow skims,  
And lightly dips her bosom in the wave.  
Above his head, the soon collected cloud  
In thunder bursts, at once his trance dissolves,  
And pours direct its rapid torrents down,  
Loud bubbling in the flood. Amaz'd he seeks  
In haste the neighb'ring oak's protecting bough;  
But ere he reach it the brief storm is o'er;  
Bright as before, beneath an azure sky  
The liquid mirror gleams, and o'er its face  
Darts the swift king's-fisher, in joy to spread  
Her vivid beauties to the welcome ray.

Sweet were the grotto now, or moss-grown cave,  
Seat of hoar anchorite, renouncing all  
The vain pursuits of life; or still alcove  
By lofty elms o'ercanopied, that spread  
Umbrageous gloom, and turn the noontide glare  
To sober stole of eve. Delightful hence,  
As some long high-arch'd avenue conducts  
The eye to shining plains, to ruminate  
On others' toil, on troubles we escape;  
To mark the seaman on the shadeless wave,  
The worn and weary soldier, still press'd on,  
Though fainting, to the distant field of war:



The roaming caravan o'er desarts drear,  
And flaming fiercely on the aching sight  
With blaze illimitable; haply strewn  
With sun-bleach'd skeletons in the loose sand  
Half buried; dread memorial of the fate  
Of victims by intolerable thirst  
O'ercome, or stifled by the scorching blast.

Sweet to the traveller the tinkling rill,  
That thick embower'd in leafy covert gives  
The draught refrigerant; with limpid wave  
Refreshing his parch'd lip, while yet he rests  
At ease o'ershadow'd, and unwilling still  
To venture on his dusty way, stretch'd out  
Interminate across the barren heath.

And should the hour divested of the cares  
An active life creates, roll peaceful on,  
And o'er the mind sequester'd from a world  
Of noise and bustle, shed the grateful balm  
Of relaxation; set apart the morn  
For necessary toil, some leisure now  
May well be given to meditation, books,  
Or social intercourse, that timely keeps  
From the sooth'd bosom ev'ry troublous thought.

Thus, 'neath the shelter of thick-woven skreen  
Of bright carnations, spreading fragrant round

Their spicy odours, all to love resign'd,  
Lies the swart Moor impassionate; and with  
The dark-ey'd mistress of his heart, forgets  
The corsair's peril, the dread shock of arms.

Thus, where Barrady winds his silver wave  
By verdant islets, and through fruitful groves,  
Rearing the lofty minaret and tow'r  
Delightful 'mid their maze, and erst esteem'd  
Terrestrial Paradise by holy seer  
Of Mecca, 'neath the shade luxurious lies  
The Syrian Moslem, and with mingled charms  
Of rivulet, green bow'r, and female face,  
Defies dark Melancholy's utmost pow'r.

In this bright realm, beneath meridian rays,  
While yet but feebly glow Europa's plains,  
The sunny champaign oft the shepherd quits,  
Seeking the impervious bow'r, or hollow rock,  
Where the cool torrent in soft murmur bounds  
Adown the broken steep; or winds his path,  
Where pale anemonies, and myrtle knit  
With shining marigold, fringe each rude crag,  
And aromatic shrubs in op'ning flow'r  
Lavish their mingled odours in the gale.  
Delightful clime; well might the fair domain,  
In sacred promise, o'er th' Arabian waste  
Prompt Amram's holy sons; well might the thought

Of such a paradise before them spread,  
Cheer with fresh hopes their oft rebellious host,  
And urge them on to conquest. Still the seat  
Of Nature's choicest treasures, to the eye  
Of pilgrim fair, as on his way he seeks  
Some sign of Judah's pomp, of Israel's pride,  
Or faintly traces the once blood-stain'd field,  
Whence rose in splendour warlike David's throne.

And wakes reflection to its proud remains  
Hoar ethnic monument. Aradian pile,  
Baalbec's bright fane, or theatre immense  
Of Jebilee. Hence wand'ring in the maze  
Of fable lost, imagination rests  
On guilty Myrrha; views the purple flood  
Rolling its waves lamenting to the sea,  
Still to commemorate that hapless day  
To Cypris' hopes so fatal; feigns the bow'r,  
Where pale Adonis, by soft Cupids fann'd,  
Told the sad tale, sigh'd forth his last farewell,  
In dying anguish bow'd his languid head,  
Sank on her bosom, murmur'd, and expir'd.

But o'er some British prospect mark we now  
The tranquil features of October's noon;  
When, through dispersing haze Hyperion darts  
His still effective beam; with radiant fire

Glows on the distant mountain's azure van,  
And through the garden spreads a hue of gold  
On many a wither'd leaf and faded flow'r.  
Ev'n now, light floating o'er the sallow scene,  
Hangs pervious a soft silv'ry veil of mist;  
While in the breathless calm, not ev'n a leaf  
Is seen to stir; not ev'n a note is heard  
From feather'd chorister, to break the charm  
Of sacred quiet through the woodland shade.  
Perch'd on the elm, beside his nest the rook  
Sits motionless. Scarce seen, in idle sport,  
Or busy thrift, abroad an insect wing;  
Yet in her silent toil Arachne seems  
Doubly assiduous, from ev'ry blade  
And twig extending far her filmy snares.

Or now regardless of the southern sun,  
Or rather courting its kind influence, yet  
O'er stubbly field the ploughman cleaves his way,  
Striping with darksome furrow the pale lea;  
And with light harrow o'er the new-sown grain  
The whistling seedsman speeds, and overspreads  
The powder'd soil; while softly on his game  
The setter down the fern-clad border steals,  
Low-cow'ring. By the still unrifled hedge,  
In quest of glowing berries, blythe are seen  
The stripling bands; and near, no longer dank,

Through pheasant-haunted coppice briskly treads  
The fowler, gladden'd with exulting note  
Of his bold spaniel, starting high in air  
His beauteous prey, or in the tangled grass,  
Tracing through ev'ry maze the silent hare.  
Delightful, through transparent ether seen,  
Extends the landscape, by the vivid tints  
Of Autumn mark'd. The many-colour'd woods,  
In beautiful variety, adorn  
Hill, rock, and valley, and far distant trac'd  
The chequer'd plain embrighten. Meads embrown'd  
With streak of fence, and still in verdure clear,  
As fair appear as in th' emblossom'd hues  
That Spring affords them. Prospects in decay,  
Congenial with soft melancholy, give  
The mind perchance still greater charms, than when  
In all their gaudier splendour. Half-conceal'd  
Amid the fallen leaves, some little plant  
Still rears its slender stem with flow'rets gay,  
Seeming of Summer the last gift, and loth  
To shed its beauties. Sweet is the last scene  
Of Nature thus attir'd in varied stole  
Of leaf, as is of some departing friend  
The last farewell; as is the ling'ring look  
O'er a retiring world, on life's last verge,  
To him, who views it with too fond an eye.  
For with what but false hopes, and fleeting dreams

Of happiness, do Nature's fairest scenes  
Inspire too credulous man? 'Tis true, in turn  
The seasons die but to be born afresh;  
But to reflourish does the prospect fade;  
And does he so? alas! his flow'r, once blown,  
Fades, withers, falls, and never shoots again.

Musing o'er mournful incidents long past,  
And mollify'd by time, the picture, chang'd  
At once to joyous, fills the varying mind  
With animation. Hark! the chorus swells  
In full, diversified, harmonic strain,  
As down the purple bosom of the glen  
The nimble harriers sweep, from upland copse,  
O'erhanging grove, and rock, and hollow cliff  
Echoed sonorous. Startled at the cry,  
With exultation wild the courser clears  
The narrow pasture's bounds. The swain, in haste,  
Unlinks the fleetest of his shaggy team  
To bear him 'mongst the throng, or climbs the hill  
To gazein transport on th' enliv'ning scene.

Still, envied Britain, thy green plains shall rear  
The matchless steed, triumphant o'er the field,  
In the fleet chase, or direful shock of arms  
To bear thy dauntless sons. Still shall thy hounds  
Challenge the meed of praise, as when among

Thy painted race, fam'd Agassean breed  
Shone in bold numbers of Cilician bard.  
Yet shall the gallant hunter, as he roams  
Thy peaceful thicket, pant for nobler game;  
Against the fierce antagonists of man  
To raise the jav'lin'd arm, to tread the glade,  
Where the thick interwoven jungle skreens  
The ruins base, and couch'd in ambush waits  
The sullen tyger, to th' advancing throng  
With hideous grin disclosing wide his fangs,  
And daunting with short growl the coward pack  
At distant bay: to dare the contest, where  
The shaggy bison roams the Thracian hills,  
Or oryx, fellest monster of the wild,  
Stretches the lion mangled in the dust,  
And spurns, and tramples on his prostrate lord.

Bold as their game, erst Ethiopia's sons,  
On man's superior pow'rs relying, dar'd  
The tawny monarch of the forest forth  
To open onset. Wrapt in fleecy garb,  
With many a fold secure; with wicker shield,  
And helm impenetrable, little they  
Regarded his assault. Onward they rush'd,  
And lashing in the air their sounding thongs,  
With ceaseless tumult woke his full revenge.  
Each on his targe receiv'd him, and withstood

His formidable leap, as fresh provok'd,  
Fierce on the new assailant ever turn'd  
Th' astonish'd brute; till wearied out at last  
With many a vain attempt, and galling wound,  
Tamely submitting to his bonds, he sunk  
Asham'd, and gasping, on the sandy plain.  
Whilst o'er the speckled panther craft prevail'd :  
As poets' fable, ravenous and fierce,  
Then ranging through th' inhospitable wild ;  
But once endued with beauteous human form,  
With female charms, and darting from blue eyes  
Kind winning looks; with wreath of blushing flow'rs  
Adorn'd, and with the purple liquor flush'd,  
To echoing cymbal bounding in blythe dance.  
Chang'd by th' offended God, in vengeance dire  
On disbelieving Pentheus; beauteous still  
In transformation, of the luscious grape  
Still fond, and by its sweet seductive power,  
As oft is man, betray'd. Where Libya spreads  
Her sun-burnt solitudes, and o'er the plain  
Some silent sluggish feshet scarcely flows;  
Strong fragrant wine, by nightly hunters brought  
And pour'd into the wave, their frequent draught  
Excited; kindled up their antic sports,  
Uncouth, and clamorous with mingl'd rage;  
Then stretch'd them yawning o'er each other, fall'n  
To watchful captors a defenceless prey.



Oft o'er the face of Noon, protracted, spreads  
Dull winter the hoar flake; and as beneath  
Autumnal morning, melting into light,  
Appears the welkin round. At length half seen  
Through his thick veil of vapour, the broad sun  
High in the south displays his blood-stain'd orb;  
There, bright'ning by degrees, with changeful tint  
The mist im browns, and with collected beams  
Then breaks in glory o'er the reeking plain.  
Glisten the many-colour'd chrystal gems  
In their full splendour, and along the path  
Exulting in the transitory scene,  
Disportive youth, and fur-clad beauty smile.

Of southern aspect down the coppice side,  
Struck by the genial ray, in feeble glow,  
Resigns each russet frost-embroider'd leaf  
Its powdery spangles; and dissolving falls  
Through intermingling boughs the lucid drop;  
Waking the feather'd tenants of the maze  
To short-liv'd song, to melancholy joy,  
Among their half-stript bow'rs; from sudden flight  
Lighting on sunny bramble, and the perch  
For ever shifting, the faint lay begin  
The redbreast, and brisk wren; at intervals  
Smoothing the ruffled plume, and leaping hence  
Down on the soften'd earth, with busy bill,

'Neath the dead leaf, to find the shelter'd worm.  
As labour calls, as rural sport invites,  
Or need impels, seems every one alert  
To seek the welcome sunshine. To the field  
Hastens the lusty swain. Re-echoes oft  
In distance the loud gun; and stealing forth  
In tatter'd garb along the lane is seen,  
Emblem of poverty, the wizen crone,  
Tearing from broken fence her scanty store  
Of fuel, heedless of another's right  
In dire necessity; and bearing home  
Alas, with all her efforts, scarce enough  
To cheer her niggard hearth with one hour's flame.

To breathe the milder atmosphere, his home  
Forsakes the convalescent. Cheer'd perchance  
With hope, false fleeting hope, now smiles awhile  
On the refulgent beauties seen around  
The hapless youth, slow wasting in the blast  
Of Atrophy. Rush o'er his mind the joys  
His thoughtless hour of life so vivid paints,  
Only to make the converse seem more dark  
The morrow will present. The ghastly train,  
A prey to dire intemperance, or disease  
By Heav'n inflicted, take their last survey  
Of the brief picture, ere dull darkness close  
Their eyes for ever in the silent tomb.

Where flows the medicinal spring, where breathes  
Through tepid glades its sweets a milder breeze,  
How numerous with age and sickness worn,  
And wretched bearing the remains of life,  
Appears the throng. With pride of health elate,  
And vigorous, meet lesson to mankind.  
Here may the rude disturbers of the world,  
They who think others' peace, a trifle when  
Oppos'd to their high views, who will obtain  
The wreath of empty glory dyed in blood  
Of thousands, ponder on the humbling close  
Of high-prais'd victors, hastening to the grave  
In wretchedness and pain. Here may the fool,  
Who toils for wealth excessive, and regards  
No moral that would lessen his receipts,  
Behold the end of opulence, and ask,  
Was it for this he pass'd the livelong day  
In drudgery, and hoarded his vast gains?  
For this, to hold them when no more of use  
T' obtain enjoyment, and then give them up  
For the loose squand'ring of some spendthrift heir.

Now draws the pool, with firm incrusted plain  
Of ice, the joyous multitude. Intent  
On graceful sport, and skimming o'er its face,  
Rapid as if on eagle pinions borne,  
Health-breathing groupes appear; or gliding through

The mazy dance with elegance and ease,  
Admiring circles with their feats delight.  
Nor void the pastime of th' attractive zest  
Of female charms, on others lighting soft  
In approbation, or more full display'd  
Themselves in fleet career. Gay where adorns  
Pannonian city Ister's wide expanse,  
Glisten, contending in their rich array,  
Innumerable sleds. On Caledonian lake,  
Launching the pond'rous stone, the Highlander  
Invigorates his arm; arm ever prompt  
In valorous emprise, and in the fray  
Strong to strike home, as Britain's foes can tell.

Reckless of July's beam, December's snow,  
Brisk commerce fills the street, and crowded quay  
With ceaseless bustle: Her laborious sons  
On lucre only bent, from their dull haunts  
Affright the gentle Muse. Fair science, wit,  
And all the finish'd elegance of life,  
Seem but as idle follies to the mind  
That never gladdens, except when engag'd  
In computation of base worldly gain.  
Amid a scene so uncongenial, oft  
For thee, lamented bard, whose youthful hand  
So boldly struck the lyre, shall rise the sigh;  
Whose talents, foster'd in a friendly soil,

Had rais'd thee high, had rank'd thee with the band  
Who've deck'd in fullest honours the cothurn.

Not so in equatorial clime, beneath  
The blazing orb. Of profit here awhile  
Forgetful, the plain Hollander relents,  
And shuns the mart. Along her desert street  
Batavia shuts the door: no sign appears  
Of Morning's industry. To solid feast  
Devoted is the hour, and needful sleep  
Successive to its toils; while the brief lapse  
Of life admits, is eagerly embrac'd  
Each gross indulgence, and as reeks around,  
Pregnant with dire disease and rapid fate,  
The swampy plain, with fatal unconcern  
Is prudence banish'd. Prompted by the hopes  
Of mammon, through a grove of crowded masts,  
From distant realms steers the deep-laden bark  
To land her crew upon the shores of death.

Rob'd, in some ancient hall now Justice holds  
Her court: with patient ear endures the length  
Of dull harangue, and flippan't waste of words  
Of litigation, toiling for the truth  
Through many a tedious hour: Alas, how oft  
Her toil is vain, while Artifice prevails  
To skreen the guilty, and traduce the just.

Though half the labours of the day are o'er  
Where sojourns Industry, on heaps of down  
Lull'd with the fumes of yesterday's debauch,  
Lies pamper'd Luxury: or as he flings,  
And tosses on his couch, th' intrusive thought  
Breaks o'er his mind, and haply there begets  
A half determination of reform.  
But soon the brief reflection passes off,  
As sleep's light phantoms from the waking soul,  
Leaving him prone, and heedless as before.

Tir'd of the fruitless turbulence of life,  
My willing steps shall lead me to the realm  
Of solitude. Around the mountain-lake,  
Lo! Nature sleeps beneath the livid cloud  
In undisturb'd repose; here the lone ear  
Strives but in vain to catch the gentlest sound,  
And in the amphitheatre's vast range,  
No object stirs to break the solemn charm  
Of deepest meditation. Here, the soul,  
To ev'ry folly of the world estrang'd,  
Seems to forsake awhile her mortal seat,  
Turns on herself each faculty, and rests  
Enraptur'd: then immediate passes off  
The dream ecstatic, as to some dark rock,  
Majestic sailing through the midway air,  
The rav'ning eagle bears the new-dropt lamb.

Or now beneath invited, where affords  
Some lone recess the deep sequester'd dell;  
And where the alder's intersecting arms  
Weave an impenetrable arch on high  
To shade th' unruffled stream, let me recline  
Contemplative; while on its gloomy bank  
The melancholy hern has fix'd her stand,  
Brooding in silence o'er the death-like scene.  
Here ponder o'er the stillness of the grave,  
That soon must close upon the busy noise,  
And idle pomp of man. Ascending hence  
In retrospective observation, ask,  
Whence the rude storms of passion, that impel  
With such resistless force his wild career,  
And from the paths of reason turn him oft,  
To weep in woe, or rankle in remorse.  
How vain examples in the blood-stain'd page  
Of history, how vain the patient search  
Of hoar philosophy, through ev'ry maze  
Of science winding for the sacred truth,  
To light him on his way: how few are they,  
Who in the fall of other victims read  
Their own impending fate: who dare in spite  
Of prejudice be just. Ambition still  
Hurls the rash monarch headlong from his throne,  
And heedless error hurries into crime.  
Alas! o'er human frailties, human griefs,

Reflection sickens, till inspiring hope  
O'er other scenes her radiant mantle throws,  
And gilds the prospect of a better world.

Regions, that fancy whispers ever bright,  
On whose existence the fond soul relies:  
Scenes of incomprehensible delight,  
Where ev'ry selfish inclination dies:

Where all the "sad variety of pain;"  
The keen-felt pangs of helpless sorrow cease,  
At once subsiding, in the blissful reign  
Of spotless virtue and eternal peace.



## EVENING.

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### IDYLL III.

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Approach of the hour—At sea over a foundering vessel—Summer evening view in Italy; in France; in the Arabian desert; in Egypt; in Western Africa—British scenery—Mountain pass—Sunset—Neapolitan landscape—Rural tranquillity, sports, &c.—Contemplation—Autumnal evening in a city, diversions, revelry—Dithyrambic.



## EVENING.

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### IDYLL III.

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BENDING toward the Western main,  
Calm Eve leads on her pensive train,  
And as they pass on radiant wing  
Yet longer shadows backward fling:  
Gleaming o'er their wat'ry bed  
Now loose their dew-gemm'd tresses spread,  
And smiling, as their charms decay,  
There linger, loth to fade away.

At length with disk enlarg'd, the bright-hair'd sun  
Hangs o'er his western goal; and scarce observ'd,  
Soft stealing o'er the landscape, dewy Eve  
Spreads her colossal shadows o'er the dale,  
Still growing on the eye. The Eastern wave,

Stain'd with the mountain's vast umbrageous form,  
Sleeps in untimely night. Illumin'd still,  
O'er the wide plain a mellow lustre glows,  
Fair as the rising dawn. Complacent reigns  
A sober quiet. Sympathetic feels  
Its soothing influence the mind of man;  
Even partakes the wounded heart of woe  
The tranquil interval; yet rises oft,  
Nurs'd by the calm, sad recollection strong;  
And as a deeper gloom successive falls  
To meet the mournful glance, dull melancholy,  
Dark and indelible, her influence spreads.

Far on the faithless ocean's broad expanse,  
The luckless mariner beholds his bark  
Pierc'd by the latent reef. Through the short day,  
That breath'd a calm upon the night-swol'n flood  
To mock his useless toil, how oft has hope  
Chas'd the heart-sinking pang that still would rise  
O'er his foreboding soul, and shewn him all  
He lov'd, he valued, in his grasp again.  
How oft has manly perseverance seem'd  
To gain upon the leak, and transient joy  
Beam'd on his efforts; till worn out at last,  
With hopes expiring with the dying day,  
He sinks in mute despair, and as he views  
The wave-encumber'd wreck immerging, takes

Farewell for ever of the setting sun.  
Oft round the wide horizon roves his eye  
For some long-look'd for succour, but alas!  
No object spots th' interminable void,  
Save the small pinnacle that with less'ning sail  
Gleams in the distant offing, as it bears  
Some few companions to protracted fate.  
Strong at this hour imagination paints  
The blandishments of life, wife, children, friends  
Crowding his vine-clad porch, and as the cup  
Of health goes round imploring his return:  
Breathing in answer his last parting sigh,  
He bids adieu, and turning to the scene  
That round him rolls its swelling horrors wide,  
Broods o'er his dark unfathomable grave.

But in despite of rocks and raging winds,  
That in the year's short lapse to timeless fate  
Hurry so many thousands; with firm soul  
The seaman still forsakes the sweets of home  
To dare the foaming surge. How bold was he,  
Whom first the shell light-floating on the deep  
Induc'd to quit the shore: how many shifts  
To trim his fragile bark; how many fears  
Prompting his little sail to gain the cove,  
At each slight-threat'ning gale, we contemplate,  
Ere we behold thee, Jason, on thy prow

Mid shifting rocks, and hoary billows borne,  
Sweeping the stormy Euxine: ere we see  
The Tyrian trusting the vast Indian main,  
On Ogyris or Taprobana's coast;  
Where bristly monsters, buoyant on the brine,  
Like mountains wallow'd; or more daring still  
Round Southern Afric length'ning his bold course,  
At unknown stars amaz'd, and distant round  
Of Northern suns; to thee in aftertimes,  
Advent'rous Gama, pointing out the path  
To fame and fortune. Hence to th' enterprise  
Of modern navigators turns the eye;  
And first on thee, Columbus, wond'ring rests,  
Still cheering with fresh hopes thy fearful crew,  
Or by the needle's varying point alarm'd,  
By grassy waves, or th'unsuspected reach  
Of boundless ocean: notes thee in distress  
By tempest baffled, that had near o'erwhelm'd  
Thee, and all knowledge of thy bright success  
From an admiring world; and sees thee last  
'Reft of thy well-earn'd honors, basely brought  
A fetter'd captive to a thankless prince.  
On thee, Magelhaen, next whose keel first trac'd  
The compass of the globe, untimely fall'n  
Far from thy native home, and in mid course  
Of fame at once cut off. Gaboto, Drake,  
Tasman, on ye, and last on thy career

Lamented, indefatigable Cook.  
And hence the musing mind successive strikes  
The plenteous spoil of new discover'd realms,  
Pouring on Western Europe the full flood  
Of opulence and pow'r: thy vast renown,  
Triumphant Britain, in thy naval arms  
Grasping a world's dominion. Through the chain  
Of thought, how great, how persevering seems  
The courage, industry, and toil of man.

Majestic rising on the steepy side  
Of Appennine, the ruin'd temple wears  
A blaze of glory on its topmost shaft,  
And circling cornice, with grey-mantled base,  
In shadow dim-discern'd. Beauteous, present  
Variety of tint the lengthy range  
Of mountain heights, inimitable Claude,  
Even by thee inadequately trac'd.  
Down in the vale, barefooted from the brook  
Follows her lusty herd the ruddy lass;  
Counts the young shepherd his collected flock;  
And from the breezy lawn, emborder'd thick  
With vine and mulberry, resounds the strain  
Tun'd to brisk canzonet, or sprightlier dance.

Sweet are thy scenes, fair Gallia, when the dance  
Of eve assembles from vine-mantled bow'rs

Thy rustic bands, in simple elegance,  
In thoughtless merriment, and graceful sport,  
Prone to accelerate the light-foot hours.  
Such on thy islets green, and flow'ry meads  
With glowing orchards fring'd, romantic Loire,  
Are frequent seen, recalling to the mind  
The harmless pastimes of a golden age.

In vast Nomadian desert, now refresh'd  
With cooler temperature, halts at length  
The weary Caravan. His wonted tale  
Recounts the simple Arab, and although  
So oft repeated, of the list'ning crowd  
At each narration still has some new charm  
To fix attention. In more polish'd realm,  
Tale that has oft on winter evening fill'd  
With magic terrors childhood's throbbing breast.

Where, among blooming gardens rolls the Nile  
His fertilizing flood, and laves the walls  
Of once commanding cities in decay  
Magnificent, the turban'd Turkish lord,  
Reclin'd luxurious, quaffs the freshen'd gale  
Teeming with sweets, and doses in delight  
By torpent poppy lull'd. He heedless views  
The antiquated monuments of pride,  
That point to former ages of renown



In Time's dark shroud envelop'd; present ease  
Crowns the revolving hour, and the faint smile,  
That rarely on his bearded visage breaks,  
Lights on the idle bustle of mankind,  
For ever on the flying shadow bent,  
For ever wretched, hoping to be blest.  
Thickens the juggler's circle, and the group  
Of every nation sink their thrifty cares  
In pleas'd astonishment; while from the stream,  
On nightly prow, the crocodile steals forth,  
And hallow'd ibis, o'er the wave-worn sand  
Skims light, impatient for her reptile prey.

While the cool sea-breeze rustles in the palm,  
And swinging slow the green banana waves  
Its heavy leaf, on some high beetling rock  
To his lone meal the African retires,  
And mournful contemplates the western orb  
Sinking in majesty beyond the sail  
That bears his gallant boy to toil and woe.  
As he beholds the distant vessel fade,  
The swelling drops of agony roll fast  
Down his dark-furrow'd cheek. Now starting wild,  
He vainly utters the indignant curse;  
In sorrow now dissolving, pours his soul  
In loud complaint: "My son, no more for thee  
Thy native bow'rs shall shield the aching head;

No more for thee shall joy prolong the dance;  
Nor maiden carol o'er the ricy field  
Awake the mind to love. Insulting pow'r,  
And avarice shall fatten on thy prime,  
Till keen and ceaseless suff'ring weigh thee down,  
Gall'd, and degraded, to an early grave."

But claims our native isle the wand'ring song;  
Of northern face with cloudcapt Grampian wild,  
And heathy Cheviot. Bold steeps between  
Winding her verdant occidental vales,  
In mingl'd beauties rich, of ruins hoar,  
Of billowy lake and torrent pouring oft  
The natural cascade: while glows the South  
With hill and dale in softer features fair,  
And plain luxuriant, crown'd with boscase green  
Of frequent copse, and intersecting hedge,  
Rearing a line of elm, or sturdy oak,  
Britannia's safeguard, high in ether blue.

Though monish'd by the fast declining day,  
Along the mountain-pass reins in his steed  
Th' enraptur'd traveller, and contemplates  
The slope's green mantle speck'd with many a stone,  
Beside whose tablet grey, the slender birch  
Uplifts its silver stem, and gently waves,  
At each light gust, its many-spangl'd bough

In fitful tremour. From the rocks above,  
With varied lichen ting'd, the mountain ash  
Hangs its bright scarlet clusters to the sun  
In full luxuriance; while the nether woods  
Reft of his joyous beam, in mass of shade,  
Blacken the deep and melancholy dell;  
Disclosing partial the dismantled walls  
In ruin crumbling, that once aw'd the flood  
Wild dashing at their base the troublous wave.

To his lone dwelling, o'er the woodland path  
The cottager returns, with welcome sweet  
Enliven'd by the warblers of the grove  
In fullest choir. The many-varied note  
Responsive echoes now awhile throughout  
The maze in contest; now again combin'd  
Harmonious swells; till, heard above them all,  
Opens the woodlark her transcendent song.

Sweet bird, whose wild notes wing the ling'ring hours,  
How oft to listen to thy matin lay  
Sits the lone shepherd heedless of his flock,  
And on his flexile reed in vain attempts  
To emulate thy tones. How oft at noon,  
The fainting traveller forsakes his path  
To rest where thou art heard, and cheer'd by thee,

Brisk, with invigorated step, inclines  
To climb the sun-burnt hill. At eve how oft  
From contemplation woke, the poet strays  
Around the dewy precincts of thy bow'r,  
Until the sullen hour of gloom steals on  
To close thy melody: no sweeter strain,  
From solitary Philomela flows  
Through Spring's emblossom'd wilderness, to soothe  
The lovelorn victim through her sleepless night.

Flush'd with inimitable glory sinks  
The orb of day, but still irradiant, dyes  
With brightest crimson half the vault of heav'n;  
At length immerg'd, he slow withdraws his fires,  
And as th' horizon cools, in orange stole  
Arrays th' impending cope. The deep grey cloud,  
In flakes dissolving, points its slender streak  
Across the bright expanse, which gradual fades,  
Till in dim shroud the pageant disappears,  
Leaving the world to night. High o'er the town,  
Empeopled thick, fuliginous and dark,  
Sweeps the vast exhalation. Through its verge  
Twinkles the Northern wain, long ere their sparks  
Illume the lesser host, and clear discern'd,  
The Pleiads, hateful to the storm-tost tar,  
Hang their pale cluster o'er the curling wave.

Where more delightful is the prospect seen,  
Than on Campanian shore, thy precincts fair,  
Parthenope? While o'er thy placid bay,  
The gentle land-breeze from exhaling groves  
Of perfume, wafts sweet odours on its wings;  
Fanning innumerable sails in devious course.  
O'er its blue bosom, ever on the change  
Presenting to the eye some novel shape.  
Bounding the wat'ry sheet, in fullest glare  
Of occidental glory lights the beam  
On eastern range of coast; on mountain height  
Now soft in distance, and on forests green  
Speck'd with town, village, and hoar convent walls  
In bosage half-conceal'd; immersing there  
In glittering waves its point extreme, to rise  
Again to view in Capri's rocky isle.  
Capri, sequester'd from a noisy world,  
Delectable retreat, suited to calm  
The soul to peace and virtue, but erewhile  
Polluted by a tyrant, and new force  
Lending to infamy. At length withdrawn  
To western worlds the radiant eye of heav'n,  
O'er all her shadowy mantle by degrees  
Dun Twilight darkens, save the glowing top  
Of tall Vesevus, still in sunny robe  
Discern'd, and curling high the smoky wreath

Mid amber flakes of thinly scatter'd cloud,  
Transparent floating o'er the blue serene.

Now, with congenial melancholy, seeks  
The Muse to range amid the silent groves,  
That 'neath Misenus' promontory stretch  
Their sable shades; where climbs the mantling vine,  
And decks the mulberry and poplar with  
Its pensile garlands; where the shelter'd glade,  
With cypress gently waving overhead,  
A calm seclusion for the frequent tomb  
Affords, as darker grows the pall of eve,  
Bringing to mind the closing hour of death.  
Or wanders in the realms of Poesy,  
By lake, and cave, and wilderness obscure;  
By drear Avernus, Sibylline retreat,  
Or black Cimmerian valley, never glad  
With Titan's golden fires, and communes straight  
With all the fabled Deities of Hell;  
Vast stretch of human fancy, wrought sublime  
Beyond all rivals by the Mantuan bard:  
Or views of Baiaë the deserted shore,  
Where erst amid magnificence and mirth  
Hygeia reign'd; now shewing the grey walls  
Bar'd of their marble crust, haply wherein  
A Cæsar revell'd, or a Tully mus'd.

Ere the dull chafer roam, or blinkard bat  
Beside the cloister wing her flippant round,  
Return we to the rural features that  
Fair Albion offers. See, from pasture driv'n,  
Down the green hills the mottled kine wind slow,  
Deep lowing to the winds. By the near fence,  
Oft as they stray to crop the closing flow'r,  
With well-known chaunt to urge them to the pail  
Th' impatient urchin strives. With looks askance,  
The smiling milk-maid listens to the jest  
Of the rude hind, returning from the pool  
With half-untrammel'd team. No more is heard  
The thrasher's echoing stroke; the village rests,  
Save where light pastime gambols o'er the green,  
And the frequented hovel, where the smith  
Kindles his dusky visage o'er the forge  
With blaze successive, or with iron din  
Affrights the peaceful solace of the scene.

But oft for joyful holiday reserv'd  
More boisterous sport; and while to distant fair  
Now at its height of mirth, or bent on gain  
To cockpit some repair; while pealing bells  
In frequent change chime merrily, and shake  
The Gothic tow'r, loud bellowing from the stake,  
And wond'ring what the noisy concourse means  
That round him thickens, stands the bull, and oft,



Throwing a glance of observation round,  
Indignant blows the grass: then summons up  
His direst vengeance, as he sees the foe  
Silent and eager rushing on, or feels  
Him fix'd, and hanging from his dewlap, while  
Thrown sprawling o'er his head another falls  
To ground half-disembowel'd. Thus proceeds  
The ruthless conflict, and of men and dogs  
Loudens the rude inseparable din  
In frequent burst; until perchance releas'd  
By rage from durance, dissipates at once  
Th' infuriate animal the fearful rout,  
Flying on all sides; and then lucky he,  
Who from the arm of neighb'ring elm survey'd  
The savage scene, to laughable now turn'd.

From hence remote, the careful shepherd leaves  
His flock, and homeward hies; above his head,  
Humming aerial music, playful gnats  
Flit numerous, till against the gentle breeze  
He turns, then quickly vanish. Little he  
Thinks on his daily charge; unlike the hind  
Of other lands, who in his warning dream  
Sees the night-prowling wolf beside the fold,  
And on returning morn beholds, alas,  
In sad reality, the havoc made  
In his defenceless pen. Yet not secure



From pillagers the swain, for, watchful, now  
From distant wood the brush-tail'd felon steals  
Down many a lengthy hedge in silent course,  
Ere in adjacent brake he lurks to seize  
Some feather'd straggler; and there haply waits  
Until surrounding shades have deepen'd; then  
To the neglected henroost makes his way  
Through some time-eaten gap, and, glutless, leaves  
Of all its habitants not one alive.

While brown October's gently-freezing eve  
With glimmering twilight lights the fowler home;  
While Winter in hoar antiquated hall  
Kindles the frequent taper, and awakes  
The huntsman's echoing song; calm Summer leads  
The pensive angler to swift eddying stream;  
And here, intent he plies his ev'ry art  
For sport, where fluctuating circles shew  
The rise of eager trout, and many a fly  
Flaps the light glitt'ring wing; or hence retires  
With stronger tackle to the quiet nook,  
By grey-leav'd osiers from the ruffling wind  
Shelter'd around, where lurks the rav'nous pike,  
At noon oft near the surface dormant seen,  
Or sudden darting from thick haunt of weeds  
Fierce on his scaly prey. Adjacent lies  
The lotos pillow'd on the gentle wave,

Expanding its broad leaves with water-drops  
Bright studded, and from pale unfolding bloom  
Diffusing fragrance, heighten'd by the sweets  
Of wild mint hid amongst the trembling flags.

On the green margin of cerulean stream,  
Lost in wild fancies, indolently laid,  
Each object leads me to some new caprice,  
Some pleasing reverie. Nor wakes alone  
The eye, the ear each fine impression feels;  
As playful swallows cross on devious wing,  
And twitter in blythe song, or bending reeds  
Whisper harmonious to the gentle breeze,  
Attentive listens to the sweet accord  
Of this primeval music; strains that first  
Taught wond'ring shepherds the strong influence  
Of melody, and gladden'd hill and grove  
Ere soft flutes warbled, and responses drew  
From tuneful echo, soon by poets nam'd  
A flying nymph, from deep recess unseen,  
Cheering the weary ploughman in his toil.

But hark ! conducted loud along the flood,  
Solemn, and deep, and slow, the passing bell  
Strikes on the sense, and then in distant air  
Dies tremulous away. Inquisitive,  
Methinks I hear the villagers demand

Whom ruthless Fate hath quarried on. Methinks  
The faint bedridden sufferer at the sound  
Raising his head, solicitous, aside  
His curtain draws, and answer'd, with a sigh  
Sinks on his pillow, and his doom forebodes.  
A doom still lamentable, strangely deem'd,  
Though weak and sapless age hath number'd out  
His complement of years: but haply marks  
The brief career of youth untimely clos'd  
The doleful peal; by vice or folly driv'n  
Precipitate from hence some sacrifice,  
Or by the pow'r of foul example led,  
And left to cureless sorrow; such as late,  
Yon hamlet in its simple annals mourn'd.  
There, in the contests of the village green  
Was Alan foremost, foremost in the page  
Of village lore, while yet his boyish heart  
Beat only for the meed of honest praise:  
There dawn'd his manhood, and a parent smil'd  
On wedlock's bond, to bless as bright a maid  
As e'er imparted happiness to man.  
Alas ill-fated pair, who thought the world  
Pure as themselves! Ere one short summer pass'd,  
Detested warfare drew him from his home  
To guilt and wretchedness, but two fond hearts,  
So lately blended, still refus'd to part.  
Together to inhuman scenes they went,

Where bloodshed less contaminates the soul,  
Than those corrosive stains of selfish vice,  
Which startle first, then o'er their victim steal  
With yet a deeper, more repulsive die.  
There, in a band to plunder long inur'd,  
Where shameless appetite, habitual crime,  
And licence uncontroll'd had scarcely left  
One virtuous lineament, their guiltless loves  
Rais'd the loud laugh of scorn; their theftless hands  
The hate of infamy. Example taught,  
Seduction tempted long, subdued at last.

In the contagious precincts of a camp  
Wither'd the once pure partner of his joys,  
And soon to loss of innocence and shame  
Disease and death succeeded. Thus bereft  
Of ev'ry hope, with each endearment gone,  
Bold desperation urg'd him willing on;  
The deeper draught that deadens ev'ry pang  
Became his last resource, and he who once  
Had in each gen'rous contest peerless shone,  
Warp'd to depravity, still found no peer.

At length disbanded, to his peaceful home,  
Half pleas'd, he turn'd his steps. How flush'd his cheek,  
How beat his heart, when from yon tow'ring hill  
The well-known landscape broke upon his view;

The lofty elms still waving o'er the green,  
Where he so oft had rul'd the boyish sport;  
The cottage peering through the woodland maze,  
Where long, where still an aged parent dwelt  
To bid him welcome. Ah! the transient spark  
Of joy was soon extinct; his alter'd mien,  
And far more alter'd habits now no more  
Could win the heart: from his unpractis'd hand  
The tool of industry fell useless. Vain,  
Too late was each weak effort of reform:  
Yet would he strive, and oftentimes ponder o'er  
The brighter prospect of his early years  
So soon, so sadly clouded; till perchance  
In shame, despair, he mark'd th' averted eye  
Of those who once ne'er met him but with smiles,  
Who pitied, shunn'd him now; or trac'd the scenes,  
Whose ev'ry object mutely seem'd to ask  
For her, who once so lovely, once so lov'd,  
Had with him joy'd so oft to lay the schemes  
Of future happiness—the mingled pang  
Burst the full channels of a struggling heart,  
And clos'd at once the catalogue of woe.

To cove returning now, along the coast,  
That or for health, or pleasure, boasts its throngs  
Of visitors from far, is frequent seen  
The tumid sail. Of man's intrusive foot

No more afraid, in num'rous flocks resort  
To shelt'ring marsh th' inhabitants of air;  
Whence many a shrill wild cry is distant heard  
Through night. Amongst them, of th' approaching  
storm  
Predictive, oft sweeps by the cormorant,  
Lashing with pennons dark the billows hoar.

Freed from the labours of the day, the boy  
Seeks blithesome his compeers, and frolics wild;  
Or stops with artless finger his soft flute,  
Or winds aloud his bugle down the shore,  
In harmony resounded from the rocks;  
Far over ocean heard, and haply there,  
By fancy deem'd cerulean Triton's strain.

Upon yon cliff that o'er the western main  
Hangs a tall land-mark, on whose heathclad brow  
Turn from the sea-breeze the blue-tufted pines  
Their bare and furrow'd trunks, let me behold  
The varying tints departing glory sheds  
O'er the wide firmament, reflected bright  
In gentle coruscation from the waves.  
There, mark the wane of Summer's radiant Eve,  
Translucent still, relinquishing serene  
To dun-rob'd Night her realm. In solitude,  
When dark autumnal tempests gather round,

And from the deep ascends the rocklike cloud,  
Borne heavy on the blast, there musing sit;  
Or hear the weather-beaten sea-boy's tale,  
While yet more sullen murmurs to the storm  
My waving canopy, and ev'ry gust  
Dashes a ruder billow on the strand.

And charming is the solitary walk  
By coppice side, when Spring has hither brought  
The Daulian warbler, and her plaintive song,  
As poets feign, for Tereus' horrid crime,  
Or hapless Itys, through the list'ning glade  
Pours harmony; and pleasant on high down.  
Reflection o'er a peaceful world beneath,  
Where nought is heard, save when the sheepbell throws  
Its tinkling on the ear. Nor less delights  
The long arcade of elms whose sables wave  
Alternate in the breeze, breathing around  
An awful melancholy: to their tops,  
Dark harbingers of twilight, haste the rooks,  
And hoarsely usher in yet deeper shades.  
From wide excursive flight assembled thick,  
In full accord combining, the whole choir  
Resounds; then fainter with decreasing light  
Becomes the mournful strain, sinking at last  
To the low note of but a single voice,



Now ceasing, now at intervals renew'd  
In seeming plaint, and all is hush'd to rest.

Slow from the lake's dim face the mists arise,  
And o'er the meadow hang their hoary sheet,  
Unfolding wide its skirts, till all immers'd  
It's surface sinks from sight. The frequent cough  
Escapes from wheezing age, and oft betrays  
The tender victim drooping though unblown  
In fell consumption's grasp. Beneath her cowl  
Of vapour shiv'ring, pallid Ague now  
Chills her lank cheek, and through her livid lip  
Shews the loose-chattering fang: On mischief bent,  
Borne, like the night-hag, on the breeze, she strikes  
The unsuspecting stranger, and defies  
The dogstar's utmost fury to dissolve  
Her stubborn spell. But heed not all the bane  
Of steaming exhalations that draws forth  
Incipient night, disportive pleasure's throng;  
To its half-rural marge, to leafy bow'rs  
The city pours its crowds, who, 'neath the glare  
Of bright-illumin'd garden, wander blythe,  
Mid all the charms of music, dance and song.

Its gay admirers draws the mimic scene,  
Where Farquhar, Macklin, Sheridan excite



The frequent smile. Where farce, or broad burlesque  
By Fielding drawn, from Gravity provoke  
Th' unwilling burst; while louder laughter shakes,  
With never-ceasing roar, the lofty dome.

Nor must we pass the hour unheeded by,  
When peerless Shakspeare, Britain's favor'd bard,  
His blood-stain'd sceptre wields. From every eye  
When draws impassion'd Otway the big tear;  
In th' estimation of the buskin'd Muse,  
To none that erst Hellenic chaplets wore  
Precedence yielding. Though in narrow sphere,  
And homely garb, their heroes are display'd  
In British theatre, or lacking means  
Of splendour meet, or to the tragic strain  
Unfriendly; seeking rather to divert  
With humbler efforts the capricious crowd.

With pleasure must we view that distant age  
Of excellence, when rival candidates  
Contended fairly for the laureate crown,  
And what was great and noble gain'd applause:  
Then, did poetic emanation give  
The moral lesson to instruct mankind:  
Then, did the philosophic bard disdain  
To the too vague opinions of the day

To bow submissive, or to rest his hopes  
On some unmeaning actor's broad grimace.

And did the scene in grandeur exquisite  
His purpose aid. Let fancy rest awhile  
O'er Thebes, beneath the desolating rage  
Of direst pestilence. Beside her fanes,  
Along her pillar'd streets, th' infected group  
Sink gasping to the earth; or vainly raise  
Their feeble palsied hands to heedless Heav'n,  
And breathe the falt'ring prayer; now heard no more,  
'Mid the deep sighs of succourless despair,  
And lengthen'd moan of death: At intervals,  
With harmony divine the choral hymn  
Peals in full chord, soliciting relief  
From adverse gods; then in its solemn pause,  
Deep curses breaking on the startled ear  
Mark the bold suff'ring victim, whose last breath  
Dares with injustice charge their dread behest.  
There, lately stricken, the pale trembling wretch  
Shrinks back with horror from the bloated corse  
That rots beneath his eye, and as he thinks  
On all the foul deformity of death,  
Sees his own image, when the short-liv'd hour  
Has ran its fearful course. Around him throngs,  
Convuls'd beneath th' unutterable pang,  
Grin hideous; satiate with human woe,

Till the relenting tyrant deigns at length  
The fatal stroke, and on a livid heap  
Of carcases consigns them to repose.  
Scarce less impressive than th' original,  
Was the distressful picture that unveil'd  
The Colonean; luckless cause of all,  
While his paternal monarch strove to soothe  
The gen'ral misery, and on himself  
Drew wretchedness extreme: scarce less were those,  
That to admiring thousands offer'd oft  
The sage of Salamis, ere he drew forth  
From every breast the sympathetic sigh.

Haply when Autumn has brought early on,  
In canopy of cloud, her moonless eve,  
In antique hall secure, in solid feast,  
Assembled greybeards laugh its length away:  
Or brighter throngs in radiant chamber met,  
With elegance the splendid banquet grace,  
As with the gay profusion, lively wit  
And ladies' courteous smiles combine to raise  
Convivial transports high. Yet oft alone,  
As closes thus the day, and shade on shade  
Condens'd without, in darkness drowns the world,  
From the glad converse of the social board  
Let me retire, and shroud me deep in gloom;  
Wander awhile upon the lonely heath,

Or promontory's brow, from whence the morn,  
Breaking refulgent on my dazzled sight,  
To rapture woke my soul, and meditate  
On the drear contrast, on the present void,  
And nullity of objects: where are now  
The fair pavilion, and hoar-castled cliff,  
The waving forest, and the verdant hill,  
That whilom in the glowing landscape mix'd  
Their many-varied beauties? Sunk to nought,  
Nor form, nor hue perceptible; they seem  
Of a mere day-dream the creation vain,  
By more substantial night dissolv'd. How poor,  
How worthless then all human joys, for soon  
Must ev'ry fond endearment, earthly bliss,  
Thus vanish at the threshold of the tomb.

So thinks the grave contemplatist, so think  
Those who despise the nought-importing flow  
Of social merriment; yet must we now  
Mark the glad converse, that the sceneful hour  
Presents to view, and close our varying strain  
With the full crowded board's convivial roar.  
There, is it said the soul of inward thought  
Too fond, too alienated from the world,  
Should oft relax awhile. 'Twere better far  
For ever thoughtless, and for ever gay,  
To hurry through life's scene, than to appear,

Though living, to each blythe enjoyment dead,  
And ever musing on eternity.  
While here, it is maintain'd, we must unbend  
For others' pleasure, if not for our own ;  
Seem, though we are not, with their trifles pleas'd ;  
Assume dissembling smiles, and welcome in  
With features bright as theirs the festive throng.  
Nay, there are times when even Prudence wears  
A churlish face : Then join we the carouse,  
As erst did Rome's great censor, in his course  
Severely wise, yet on occasion meet  
To lengthen'd mirth resign'd ; who warm'd with wine  
His hoar philosophy. High brimming bowls,  
Pun, jest, and hum'rous tale, successive heard,  
Elicit free, and from elate compeer  
Prompt the loose flow of Bacchanalian song.

“ Did not wine, o'er ills prevailing,  
Soothe the soul in solace glad,  
Human life too soon were failing,  
And, though short, were always sad.

“ Calming fears, dissolving sorrows,  
When its juice the bosom warms,  
From the grape's dark cluster borrows  
Beauty more than mortal charms.

“ Such the strain, with chalice flowing,  
Gentle Arno’s stream beside,  
Bright with ivy-berries glowing,  
Bacchus whisper’d to his bride.

“ Such the strain in silent musing,  
Overheard by Tuscan sage;  
Such the secret joy diffusing,  
Treasur’d in his learned page.

“ What could erst the festive board,  
Though deck’d with regal pomp, afford?  
What the dance, in airy round  
Disporting o’er the turf-clad ground,  
But poor half-animating joy?  
Ere Ampelus, advent’rous boy,  
Thrown headlong to relentless fate,  
His comrade left disconsolate,  
And straight, to grace his hallow’d shrine  
Beauteous rose a blushing vine.

“ Can the rose, the garden’s pride,  
With the grape its sweets compare?  
Can the lily, op’ning wide  
Petals admirably fair?

“ Can the flow’r Narcissus grew,  
Can Adonis’ fragile bloom,  
Hyacinths of ev’ry hue,  
Breathing exquisite perfume?

“ Can all Pomona bears, to cheer  
With plenty the declining year,  
Such lively joys bestow?  
Though purple plums in mantle pale  
Of pearly bloom their blushes veil,  
The peach its rosy cheek displays,  
Their leafy crests ananas raise,  
Or speckled melons glow:

“ Vines, that court the southern beam  
On bright Vesevus’ lava-streaming side;  
That fringe the banks of many a bounteous stream,  
Whose azure waves to Rhine’s broad channel glide;  
That kindle fiercer flames of love  
In glowing nymphs of Cyprian grove,  
And oft with snow-cool’d juice impart  
A secret joy to Moslem’s heart;  
Your gifts, with sorrow-soothing charm,  
Shall cheer our hopes, our bosoms warm,  
Shall raise our flowing spirits high,  
To inspiration, ecstasy.

“ While flagons foam, and goblets ring,  
First the social Pow’r we hail,  
Who bade heart-easing Mirth prevail;  
Next our supplications rise  
For all who freely sacrifice;  
Then soar we swift on Fancy’s wing,  
In smiles array’d, with roses crown’d,  
A care-forsaken world around;  
Muses sweetest influence lending,  
Laughter-loving Sports attending,  
Harmless Wit, and Humour free  
From gall, and brisk Hilarity.

“ In distant realms of bright Cathay,  
On reconciling holiday,  
The tipsy frolic join:  
In Persia’s bard-inspiring land,  
Associate with the Moslem band  
Round gentle Hafiz’ shrine.

“ In Italy’s romantic bow’rs,  
Regardless of the waning hours,  
Glad harmony prolong;  
And o’er the flask some tribute pay  
For bold Chiabrera’s lofty lay,  
And Redi’s jovial song.



“ Fill the bowl, we rest awhile  
Where Seine surrounds her temple-crowned isle.

“ O'er Lutetian revels laughing,  
Trifles light our minds engage;  
Romanée and claret quaffing,  
Roussillon and hermitage.

“ No intrusive cares impeding,  
Gaily glad in woe's despite,  
Thought elate, to thought succeeding,  
Speeds the hour in rapid flight.

“ But, ah! too soon each minute passes,  
British hearts may well complain,  
When bright eyes of Gallic lasses  
Sparkle with the brisk Champaign.

“ Should gay belles, a neighb'ring nation,  
Boast the fairer-featur'd face,  
Yours, in sprightly conversation,  
Yours, the palm in winning grace.

“ Fill again, in social glee,  
We hail the hallow'd land of liberty.

“ Here, though glows the grape unable  
With exotic growth to vie,  
Ample stores to crown the table  
Lusitanian realms supply.

“ Vineyards, their rich clusters swelling,  
That pellucid Bœtis laves,  
Fam’d Madeira, still excelling,  
Wafted over Indian waves.

“ Deeper thought on mirth attending  
Here the earlier eve beguiles;  
Dark reserve, at length unbending,  
Leaves the northern brow in smiles.

“ Then to deeds of ancient story  
Straight the rival circle soars,  
Till in full Thessalian glory  
Loud the rude carousal roars.

“ Again, fill high, as hence we fly  
To scenes of antique revelry,  
And, retrograde o’er many a dusky age,  
Drink delight with Grecian sage.

“ As merry flutes resound,  
Let old Corcyran sparkle round,

Like that, which erst by kind Alcinous stor'd  
Bestow'd new graces on Ulysses' tongue;  
Silenus' choice, whose nursling reign'd ador'd  
For the rare boon glad Naxian swains among:  
Chryse's produce, fam'd of old  
Beyond her richest mines of gold;  
Snowy Chios' luscious juice,  
And Byblos, steaming sweets profuse  
From ev'ry flow'r that scents the gale  
In Syria's bloom-embroider'd vale.

“ Sing the Spartan dame invited  
O'er the waves by Phrygian swain:  
Sing the wand'ring boy benighted,  
Houseless in the chilling rain:  
Or rest, for hours of lovesick leisure,  
Nobler themes our joys inspire;  
Drown Anacreon's wanton measure  
In bold sweep of Pindar's lyre.

“ Hark, how attun'd to Dithyrambic song,  
In matchless harmony the full chords roll;  
Wafting, as wild they peal the roof along,  
Tumultuous rapture o'er th' exalted soul.

“ Gods, beneath whose kind direction,  
Man attains such bliss divine;  
He borders on your bright perfection,  
Who with music mingles wine.

“ Tempted to the streamlet’s brink  
By em’rald mead and sapphire sky,  
With Roman bard in turn we drink,  
Dissolv’d in Roman luxury.

“ Boy, where coolest runnels flow,  
Plunge the foaming flagon deep;  
Round my care-forsaken brow  
Let the verdant ivy creep;

“ Violets be strewn around  
Scented sweet by noontide show’r,  
O’er the daisy-speckled ground  
Mingle ev’ry fragrant flow’r;

“ Hither bid the nymph repair,  
Whose eye rolls in wanton wile;  
Lyce, bright with golden hair,  
Lyce, blythe with willing smile.

“ In my chrystal goblet pour  
Such as consuls drank of yore;  
Alban, that in cave profound  
Has pass’d a second lustral round;  
Nectar drawn from Massic vine;  
Cæcuban, and Surrentine;  
Rough Falern, in Flaccus’ lays,  
And Setin, great in Cæsar’s praise.

“ But hence the golden chalice bear,  
Idly boasting jewels’ glare;  
Here, the ruby’s ruddy beam  
Sparkles in the precious stream;  
There, the liquid amber bright  
Far outshines the chrysolite;  
Whilst the cheek with purple glows,  
Deeper than the damask rose.

“ Let the fool for wealth or power,  
In vain schemes his thoughts employ;  
While in the fast fleeting hour,  
Such exuberance of joy,  
With the festive juice inspiring,  
Mantles o’er the giddy brain;  
Wilder still and wilder firing,  
Triumphs in ecstatic reign.

“ Fill yet a deeper bowl,  
Till frenzy madden o’er the drowning soul.  
Lo, shall our chorus raise  
The strain in hallow’d Bacchus’ praise;  
Bacchus, with his Cretan fair  
Braiding loadstars in her hair,  
Rosy, dimpled, young, and free,  
Flush’d with love and jollity.  
Hark methinks the hollow drum  
    Thunders on the list’ning ear;  
Lo, the jocund couple come;  
    See, their medley bands appear,  
Tripping light, green-mantled Dryads,  
Topsy Fauns, and frantic Thyads  
    Howling to the deep-ton’d horn;  
Reeling to fantastic measures,  
Wing the night with wildest pleasures,  
    With rude uproar wake the morn.

“ But soft at length my yielding senses fail,  
    With the strong charm my heavy eyelids close;  
O’er my faint bosom freshens the cool gale,  
    Pillow’d on roses, fans me to repose.”

# N I G H T.

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## IDYLL IV.

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Silent gloom—Moonlight on the sea-coast—Ruins—Storm—Summer and Winter scenes within the polar circle—Sea-scenes in equatorial regions—Night in a city, its diversions—Midnight—Description of a city on fire, &c.—Nocturnal warfare—Retreat of a discomfited army—Superstition—Contemplation—Astronomy—Conclusion.





# N I G H T.

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## IDYLL IV.

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DESCEND at length, in drowsy flight,  
The sable ministers of Night :  
Now borrowing Cynthia's lucid ray,  
O'er woods, and rocks, and ruins grey  
Pale lustre stream : again assume  
A shroud of deep chaotic gloom,  
Wide wafting the tumultuous storm ;  
Or mantle Danger's varying form  
In dim disguise, or horrid glare  
Seen distant through the redden'd air :  
Resuscitate from lowly bed  
The sullen phantoms of the dead,  
In silent round, till Chanticleer  
Scares them to vault and cloister drear,  
And Phosphor shews the rosy train  
Of Morn, in blythe advance again.

Where shall we trace thee? solemn queen of shades,  
Mother of fearful dreams, now wrapping all  
In Chaos' pristine veil; now shedding soft  
A pale romantic splendour o'er the world,  
Serenely beauteous. Over Afric's sands,  
And mountain-forest, echoing the loud roar  
Of prowling lions. Over Indian wild,  
Where sullen tygers, in dread clamour join'd,  
The moonlight jungle wake; and subtle steals  
The keen hyæna through the slumb'ring camp,  
In dubious haze secure. Or follow thee  
To trans-Atlantic realm in changeful flight;  
O'er Chili gleaming with volcanic blaze  
Of Andine beacon; o'er the trackless swamps  
Of rank Guiana; or Brazilian shades  
Speck'd with the fire-fly, bright on devious wing  
Borne heedless; where around the stranger's couch,  
For ever restless, the mosquito hums;  
Slow o'er the floor the scolopendra crawls,  
And dire envenom'd scorpion, black with bane,  
Chilling with horror the retracted limb.  
No, let us rather to Europa's shores  
Adapt our song, and chief o'er Albion rest,  
Till o'er the closing eyelid slumber steals,  
And air-drawn visions hold the wand'ring soul.

Moor'd on the gentle flood, the lonely bark

Scarce feels the swelling tide. In deep repose  
The toil-worn mariners have sunk their mirth;  
No murmur strikes upon the vacant ear,  
Save from the measur'd gait of dozing watch  
Who treads th' accustom'd round, or trickling wave  
That, by the faintly rising breeze impell'd,  
Breaks on the bow. In thickest gloom involv'd,  
Nature's fair face presents a hideous void,  
Till from the parting cloud the moon displays  
Her ample polish'd orb, with streak of gold  
Marking the liquid plain, and darting bright  
A trembling radiance on the full-spread sail.

Pale empress of the sky, beneath thy beam  
How smiles the landscape round ! its umber tints,  
By thee enlighten'd, peer upon the eye  
In all their mellow harmony of hue.  
Yon cliff's hoar brow, whose rugged outline breaks  
In wild sublimity the distant scene,  
Glow's in full splendour ; while the tow'r-like rocks  
And gloom-envelop'd brakes that mark its side,  
Seen through thy chaste and melancholy veil,  
Wear an enchanted face, and seem th' abode  
Of beings of some purer, happier race.

Now, as a solitary grandeur rests  
O'er the still prospect, and as man at length,

So late inflam'd with passion's headlong sway,  
And the rude cares of life, is lull'd to rest;  
Again to be arous'd and as before  
Be fretted by its storms; far from his couch  
Wanders the wakeful bard, and pausing oft,  
Gazes on Nature's beauties; deep involv'd  
In labyrinth of thought, unless the wing  
Of some night-scaring bird his mind estrange,  
Or eddying wind expend its fitful blast,  
And sink into the deep. Borne on its face,  
And on the dimpled lake that skirts the shore,  
The silent sea-fowl rest. Charm'd by the hour  
From submarine retreat the mermaid steals,  
To roam in freedom o'er the yellow sands  
From curious eye remote; on some bright rock,  
Or fix'd in admiration, sits reclin'd,  
Giving her sea-green tresses to the breeze;  
Then by the shadow of the passing cloud  
Affrighted, hastens to her parent wave.

Or to the monument of some dark age,  
Whose broken buttress and inclining shaft  
Scarce prop the mould'ring arch, he bends his course;  
And while unseen the night-hawk shrilly screams,  
And through the roofless ivy-darken'd aisle  
The mousing owlet flaps her heavy wing,  
Holds converse with the saints of other days

Long shrouded in the tomb; or haply marks  
Some wretched lover with long watching wan,  
Fixing his hopeless eyes upon the moon,  
And feeding irremediable woe.  
O'er the once sacred path the bramble waves  
Its melancholy stem, and interlac'd  
With many a rank wild shrub, invidious hides  
Some fallen mass of monumental pride,  
And time-worn epitaph. The moving shade  
Of the dark bough loose swinging in the wind  
Fleets o'er the pillar'd wall, and Fancy starts,  
Appall'd at the vain Phantom she has rais'd.

Tintern, what sacred awe thy moonlight pile  
At this calm hour inspires: yet in thy walls,  
Sheds Contemplation, to the giddy crowd  
Averse, a kindly solace o'er the soul,  
How sweeter far than is the senseless roar  
Of revelry. Ye desolated tow'rs,  
That dusky rise o'er Conway's peaceful flood;  
As o'er your grassy crest the night-breeze sighs  
Wild plaintive music, on the ear it breathes  
A sullen transport, exquisite beyond  
The sweetest minstrelsy of harps, that erst  
Your throng'd halls gladden'd with triumphal choir.

Lo! from the mountain-ridge descending slow,

On dark expansive wing the tempest sails  
In silent progress. From the plain beneath  
The moon withdraws her many broken rays;  
Paler, and paler still, the rippling stream  
Its polish'd face presents; now seems awhile  
Total obscur'd, now sudden glows again,  
As glancing from the silver-skirted cloud  
She strikes her lustre far, and strong illumes  
The horrors of the storm. Hark! distant heard,  
Winding in hollow tumult through the vale,  
The deep-ton'd thunder swells; breaking at length  
Full overhead, quick following the flash,  
Awful and beauteous, round the welkin thrown.

Yet more impenetrable gloom descends,  
And closes all from sight; save the bright streak,  
O'er distant billows drawn, that beauteous shines,  
Then fades, and disappears. Around in air  
An awful silence reigns, till the big drop  
Strikes heavy on the leaf; and falls anon,  
Down streaming sudden, the loud rattling show'r  
In dense and copious flood, seen momentary  
Striping the welkin in the vivid flash,  
Now still more frequent; for the dazzl'd eye  
Too brilliant, and by blackest depth of gloom  
Succeeded sudden; hurtful to the sense  
By contrast in extreme. There, angular,

And there, in line direct shot sudden down,  
Gleams the swift bolt; and lo! yon ancient tow'r  
Rent by the stroke, in massy fragments hurl'd,  
Bounds headlong down the steep, and scatters wide  
Its ruins o'er the vale. Yet soon relent  
The warring elements. As it began,  
At once the rain abates, then ceasing, leaves  
A purer atmosphere. Retiring slow,  
And seeming more condens'd, the sable cope  
Of cloud hangs sullen o'er the waves, long seen  
At intervals bright flashing, and long heard  
Rumbling in distance. As before serene,  
Spreads her effulgence wide th' enliv'ning moon,  
And rock and mountain, mead, and grove, and flood  
By turns appear relucient. All around  
With renovated charms the prospect smiles:  
Strong to the fresh'ning breeze its fragrance gives  
The vegetable world, nor aught intrudes  
To break the quiet, save the whisp'ring leaves  
Of windswept boscage, and repeated sound  
Of drops distilling from the moving boughs.  
Rugged and dark, and as some lengthy chain  
Of distant rocks, now on the horizon rests  
The tempest, and there sinking by degrees,  
Leaves the whole canopy of cloudless hue.

Silent and stealthy, from concealing cove

Of th' unfrequented shore, the little boat  
With lawless freight of rundlets issues forth,  
And in the drowsy hour confiding, glides  
Up with the fav'ring tide; nor on her way  
Strikes hostile observation; only met  
By careless fisher from the distant mart  
Returning, and intent to catch the wind,  
That flaps at ev'ry tack his limber sail;  
Soon laid aslant, and fill'd, and tracing dark  
Its shadowy semblance on the lucid flood.

While thus pale moonshine, or impervious gloom,  
With us attendant on the lonesome hour,  
Its character attests; in northern realms  
That rear o'er glacial seas their headlands hoar,  
With unremitting flood of solar light  
The welkin glows transparent, and each plain  
With wonted splendour. Haply some high ridge  
Of intercepting crags may trace its line  
Of deep indented shadow, stretching far,  
And darker seen contrasted with the glare  
Wide spread beyond, o'er lake, and serpent stream,  
Bright'ning the desert with its silver sheet,  
Or dimm'd alternate by the purple cloud  
Light wafted o'er its face. In distance seen  
From the tall eminence, laborious drags  
Against the eddying current his light skiff



Lapponic boatman. Near some wand'rer's tent  
Sits the lone herdsman watchful o'er his charge  
Of reindeer, and continual driving in  
To closer bounds, with ever-active dog  
The frequent stragglers. Solitary scene,  
For here no field of cultivated grain,  
Here no smoke-wreathing cottage glads the mind  
With social comfort: yet in beauteous robe  
Is vegetation clad; the varied heath  
With golden violet and campion deck'd;  
The dark green waving pasture near the flood  
With aspen copse diversified. The pine,  
With sable branch o'erhangs the close defile,  
From snow-capt mountain-side, whence headlong  
    thrown  
O'er rocks enormous, ever boiling flows  
The cataract, whose margin partial shews  
Trembling in gentle breeze the pensile birch.  
Hither digressing rare from southern clime,  
The prospect such by traveller survey'd,  
To melancholy woke by sweetest plaint  
Of Arctic Philomel, from willow grove,  
Pouring her wild notes to the midnight sun.

On the drear shores, where in more ample gulf  
Rolls the wild Ob; o'er distant Samoyede,  
And Lena's soften'd bank, is Nature seen  
In undiminish'd splendour, putting forth

Full many a flow'ret grateful to the eye  
Of sorrowing exile, or untutor'd boor.  
As in mid-day, beneath the cheering beam  
Still Zembla and Spitzbergen partial shew  
The dwarfish plant, and in resplendent dress  
Of beauteous lichens clad, their rugged steeps.

And glowing thus, doth Fancy represent  
Remotest Greenland's shores; untrodden tracts  
Extending to the pole, or westerly  
Stretch'd towards the barrier strait, that now admits  
Th' advent'rous navigator, and unfolds  
Some unseen prospect to his curious eye.

Continue still their direful sport the fleet,  
That yearly dare with devious keel to cleave  
The Hyperborean billows, now awhile  
Open and navigable, in the chase  
Of whales high spouting the columnar flood.  
Mark'd by the watch-boat some dread monster lies  
Broad floating on the surge, then sudden pierc'd,  
Immerges, seeking in his lowest haunts  
To disengage the line: vain effort, soon  
To sight ascending feels he the fresh wound,  
And deep retires again; again upris'n,  
Lashes horrific the resounding brine,  
His vast unwieldy strength expending fast  
In idle rage, then gor'd with num'rous wounds,

To bold pursuers his huge bulk resigns.  
While many a broad-wing'd vessel hovers near  
To bear away the spoil, bound homeward ere  
September threatens, with huge piles of ice  
Closing around, to shut out all return.

But what a lengthen'd scene of dubious shade  
Presents hoar winter; yet not destitute  
Of beauties. Then oftimes pale Cynthia shines,  
With orb assuming twice its fullest glow  
Ere morning dawn, and breaking from bright cloud,  
To silvery show'r of falling flakes imparts  
Her radiance, and illumines the snowy sheet  
Spread o'er the waste around; oft striking from  
The prism of chrystal rock reflected beams  
Of rich variety, and beauteous strews  
With countless diamonds the frozen path:  
Then from ethereal course withdrawing, leaves  
To lesser luminaries the fair scene,  
Uninterrupted darting their bright fires  
From the high zenith, or obliquely seen,  
And partial, through the snow-encrusted grove.  
Oft floating on the northern verge of heav'n,  
Blushing effulgence, gleam the boreal lights  
In brilliant circle, or sharp changeeful form,  
Filling with novel fantasies the mind

Of pleas'd beholders; more tremendous oft,  
Shoot fierce their blazing spears, and hissing loud,  
Stealing from covert startle the grim wolf.

Beauteous the prospect in our realm, when gleams  
The yellow moon-light o'er hoar frozen dews,  
Tipping snow-tufted cottages with flames  
Of amber paleness: when full influence sheds  
The keen accretive frost, and starbright skies  
Long deck with spangles the scarce ruffled flood,  
Whose stiff'ning marge shoots forth the chrystal spear  
To stay the rising wave; while on its bank  
Studded with pearl hangs heavy the crisp flag,  
And lofty elms with ice-enwoven bough,  
And willows, take their richest garb to meet  
The dawn's slant radiance, o'er the eastern hill  
Bright glancing. Nor less worthy of the Muse  
The many, various awe-creating scenes,  
When from Atlantic waves loud blust'ring winds  
Drive swift the flying clouds, and muffle up  
In their dark mantle the wide arch of heav'n.  
When flaring candle of prophetic nurse  
With winding-sheets is pale, and by the gust  
Shook from his perch, the boding raven flaps  
The windows of the sick, and croaking death,  
The feeble wretch appalls; when hollow moans,

Along the vaulted passage frequent heard,  
Mimic the restless ghost, and long preclude  
Affrighted kitchen malkins from repose.

O'er equatorial seas, descending dark  
The shadows thicken, till long-heaving waves  
Rear their rough crests gloom. On outward course,  
The wakeful mariner here contemplates  
In new magnificence the starry world :  
Gradual declining, total disappear  
Those friendly constellations that so oft  
Have met his eye. Light phosphorescent clouds,  
Pale scatter'd nebulae, o'er blackest stole,  
Beauteous invest the sky. Irradiate lights  
The Ship her distant fires, and seen with joy,  
Marking the silent hour, the southern Cross.

At change of moon foreboded, here oft times,  
With features dire, diversifies the scene  
Th' impetuous hurricane. Together pil'd  
In solid seeming rack, when lurid clouds  
By livid lightning shewn, portentous hang,  
And pregnant with vast ruin, threaten long  
In awful grandeur. On the tempest's wing  
Gloomy the fiend of desolation seems  
Collecting all his terrors, and there broods,  
And reddens into wrath; then launches forth

His violence resistless. In the glare  
Of sulphurous sheet seem kindled the wild waves,  
Or reigns, amid obscurity profound,  
Uproar unutterable; on the ear  
Pealing on all sides the protracted roar  
Of thunder, of successive billows dash'd  
In deluge o'er the deck, and its whole length  
Sweeping tremendous; while the northern blast  
Through cordage whistles shrill, then fiercer grown  
Veers sudden, and at once bears helpless down  
To whelming ruin the devoted bark.  
And all again is tranquil, with the dawn  
Scarce a soft zephyr wantons o'er the wave.

But be our theme the crowded haunt of man,  
Where mirth inspires, where dissipation spreads  
Contagious, as loose Fashion holds her sway;  
Where woe abounds, and on the lively joys  
Of social life attendant, dread alarms.

Tir'd of the toilsome duties of the day,  
On relaxation bent, the burgher leaves  
His close abode; the man of pleasure seeks,  
With zest augmented, the refulgent halls  
Of gaiety; and with redoubled charms,  
Smile o'er the leisure hour the courteous fair.

O'er the gay scene Terpsichore, attir'd  
By the fair graces, leads her airy band  
In changeful elegance, while Gallic art,  
And Grecian fable their attractions join  
To captivate the sense. Thee, sportful nymph,  
Thy sister Muse shall hail, nor scorn morose  
Thy love-exciting pow'r. Here too resounds  
The choral strain of harmony, or soft  
Lavish in rapid scale their flying notes,  
The finish'd warblers of Italian school:  
Lost to th' unpractis'd ear, and by some deem'd  
But suited to emasculate the mind:  
As erst, Timotheus, was by Spartan seers  
Thy many-modulated lay, when spite  
Of all thy high-prais'd skill, their harsh decree  
Struck from thy lyre its fascinating strings.

But join we not with those of deaden'd ear,  
Of cold and sullen bosom, who defy  
The sweet accord of sounds, and will not yield  
Their close affections to an empty noise.  
Lament we rather, that no splendid fane,  
No meet Odeum sacred to the pow'rs  
Of vocal harmony, of wind and string,  
Unfolds its portal, where the lofty ode  
In dignity sublime might raise the soul.

Such if there were, the British Muse might rise  
More daring still; and British audience  
With scientific ear investigate  
Of simultaneous, or successive sounds  
The sweet affinity; their various pow'rs  
Of imitation scan, and not as now  
Unmeaning skill in execution praise,  
Ill tim'd, and of the fluency of verse  
So oft destructive; should the theme accord,  
Though charming were the wild capricious strain.

Hateful the garish splendour of the Court;  
Its fulsome flatt'ry; of plain honest bard  
Unfit to stain the page: leave we unsung  
The vain parade, the witless pride that waits  
On the dull banquet; the magnificence  
Of gilded domes, where the rich sparkling bands  
Of beauty shine in blazonry of gems,  
Wanting but one, but that, the only charm  
That cureless wounds the heart, simplicity.

And 'twere impossible to represent  
The thousand sprightly scenes that now delight;  
To note the rapid minutes as they pass,  
Where Pleasure, fair enchantress, through the group  
Of motley maskers leads her smiling train;



Where fairy-footed ladies twine the dance,  
Darting delicious anguish from bright eyes,  
And, kindling inextinguishable flames.

But claims regard chill poverty. Now wakes  
To crime the shameless retinue of vice.  
Oft in yon portal, houseless and forlorn,  
Trembles the pallid victim of distress,  
And sinking helpless, silently upbraids  
A guilty, thoughtless, and unfeeling world.  
Prowling for prey, while yet th' expiring lamp  
But feebly glimmers through the lone obscure,  
Marks the approaching sound of ev'ry step  
The lurking robber. From the fatal spot  
Hurries the dark assassin, and imbrued  
In blood, already rues his impious deed,  
And pants and shudders if the idle boy  
But fix on him his ken. Ah! whither fly?  
Where shun the sight thy fearful eye beheld,  
Of innocence in agonies of death  
Struggling beneath thy hand; distorted turn'd  
On thee the livid feature; ever fresh  
In damning recollection, ever keen,  
Striking new horrors through thy tortur'd soul.

From long-protracted feast, in uproar loud  
Sallies the wild, intoxicated train

Of youthful folly. Silent o'er the card  
In calculation, or in doubt immers'd  
The graver circle rest; and deep involv'd  
In Fortune's snares, at once the gamester casts,  
Determining his doom, the chanceful die.  
Nor vacant yet is the convivial hall,  
Where in familiar converse grows mature  
Philosophy, devoid of the false arts  
Of public eloquence, of vague harangue,  
Specious deliver'd to deceive the crowd.

And oft in midst of gaiety retir'd,  
While calm and calmer grows the social stir  
Beneath, and pauses frequent, is the bard  
Awake to ev'ry energy of soul.  
And buoyant on imagination, toss'd  
In blissful tumult wild. For minutes pass  
His rapid hours, until the lamp expires;  
Then hov'ring o'er his pillow kindred dreams  
Enshroud his senses, and still hold him wrapt  
In ecstasy, till sunshine o'er the scene  
Intrudes, and lights him to the doleful change.

At length her peaceful empire o'er the world  
Has Sleep resum'd. Beneath her influence  
Entranc'd the city lies; its weary guards  
Have long forgot their charge: no murmur breaks

Through the lone street, save when the midnight bell  
Rolls heavily its chimes upon the wind,  
To mark the slumb'ring hour. Surrounding gloom  
Hangs thick, till from some fabric deep immur'd,  
The purple glow ascends, and unobserv'd  
Through the dun void a strong effulgence sheds.  
Rising in grandeur now, the fumid clouds  
Darker and darker still their volumes roll,  
And in their pitchy mantle from the eye  
Inwrap the struggling flame; now dusky grown  
Curl swifter through the air, and bear along  
Their gleaming spangles high; then forth at once  
Breaks the wide-spreading blaze, envelops all,  
And kindles ether's concave. Nought avails  
Attention now arous'd, from house to house  
The conflagration runs, and by the gale  
Impell'd, with still increasing vigour pours  
Dread havoc far. The many pillar'd fane,  
To check its vehemence in vain uprears  
Its massive wall; through molten windows straight  
It sweeps resistless, and in man's despite,  
Brings the proud dome loud thund'ring to the ground.  
Now cowering low, as on fresh spoil they feed,  
Like banners in a blast the torrents wave;  
Now darting high their spires, at distance seem  
Of varying hue a bright continuous flood.  
Loud through the street the pealing larum sounds,  
In fearful haste assembling from their homes

The half-apparel'd throng, in fix'd amaze  
Whose deep encrimson'd faces gaping wild  
Block up each avenue. Too late awoke,  
In lonely chamber, from his couch aghast  
Starts the deserted wretch, and sees at once  
Inevitable ruin. Closing fast  
Round his high turret, roar the glowing flakes;  
While from his lattice, through the mingled din,  
His shrieks strike deep on Pity's wounded ear,  
Asking that succour which he knows is vain.  
Oft by the crowd beneath is he beheld  
In helpless hurry; desperate at length  
He rushes on his fate, and leaping forth,  
At one rude shock disperses life, and lies  
A black, and mangled carcase on the plain.

Keen as the devastation, Rapine scours  
The half-dismantled street, and makes his gain  
Of powerless Affright. Officious Zeal  
With best intention swells the gen'ral woe;  
While Contemplation stands aloof, and sees  
Amid the tow'ring flames, and awful crash  
Of falling battlements, the fate of Troy;  
Or, in resemblance dire, imperial Rome  
Bending in terror 'neath a tyrant's nod.

How terrible, renowned London, how  
Afflictive was thy doom, when sank involv'd

In the fierce element thine ancient halls;  
Last of calamities beneath the sway  
Of second Charles, that laid thee desolate.  
Lo! retrospection rests upon thy streets  
Branching destruction wide, and kindled, through  
Successive nights, in long-extended lines  
Of flame; from reddened Thames reflected bright,  
Glaring horrific on his distant shores,  
And striking full upon the crowded bark  
Amazement and dismay: now marks the fears,  
Faint hopes, and dumb despair, alternate fixt  
On the sad merchant's cheek, from wealth and ease  
Plung'd in the lapse of but a few short hours  
In indigence extreme; of all bereft  
The artisan lamenting loud his loss,  
And, smiling horrid joy mid deepest woe,  
The villain preying on another's thrift.

Such was the scene, consider'd once the worst  
Of evils shower'd down by angry fate  
On suffering Britons; bearing with it yet  
A boon from favouring Heav'n, the remedy  
Effectual, though severe of pestilence  
Erst ever lurking in some nook obscure;  
But banish'd now from airy domes, that rose  
In tenfold grandeur o'er the smould'ring waste.

Alive to all the images of fear,  
That hides in cowl of shade the guilty hour,  
What perils, real or imaginary,  
Strike th' apprehension ! Doubly terrible,  
When Danger walks in darkness, or half seen,  
Seems his approach. What plots and dark cabals  
Nurtur'd at midnight, could the Muse recount,  
That as old records signify, at once  
Have swept the slumb'ring monarch from his throne  
At Usurpation's nod ! What awful scenes  
Of general rebellion, rais'd so oft  
By the misdeeds of rulers, to o'erthrow  
Themselves, and abrogate-perverted pow'r :  
Of impious persecution, more than all  
Disgraceful to humanity ; suborn'd  
When brutal soldiers turn their coward blades  
On unarm'd innocence, and on their way,  
Crimson with human gore each portal reeks ;  
When by the blazing torch swift hurried through  
Th' offenceless multitude, are tremulous seen  
Pale bearded age, and suppliant youth, alike  
Suing in vain for life ; whilst infants, scar'd  
At gleaming brands, cling closer to the breast  
Of shrieking mothers, whose bare arms outstretch'd  
Would turn the stroke, till both together fall,  
Transpierc'd, and writhing on the murd'rous steel.

Lutetia, fair resort of lib'ral arts,  
Of thoughtless gaiety, yet oft defil'd  
With blood and massacre, thy palaces  
By Medicean Catharine distain'd,  
Thick strewn with slaughter'd citizens thy streets,  
Rise to my sight, and mark the dire excess  
Of Bigotry; of mad religious Zeal  
Trampling on ev'ry ordinance of God.

Now must the martial feuds of man, that oft  
So strong a feature to the hour impart,  
Our brief regard engage; for while secure  
Whole legions slumber, and a wakeful voice  
Scarce murmurs through the camp, are distant bands  
Arous'd to onset, daring enterprise,  
Where the breach'd bulwark of the fortress glares  
The theatre of battle. But not here,  
With jar of drum, or cornets' swelling blast,  
With charge of squadron, and loud clash of arms,  
Begins the mortal fray. Prevails around  
A deep, continued silence, till the sound  
Of manifold, and simultaneous steps,  
From hollow way faint echo'd, strikes alarm  
To list'ning sentries, and disclosing ray  
Shed from blue light effulgent, strong illumines  
The ranks in mute advance; in lustre glanc'd  
Beauteous o'er moving bayonet and lance,

And spreading o'er each face along the line  
A ghastly pallor. Sudden on the sight  
In all their grandeur burst the flames of war ;  
Successive volley, never-ceasing round  
Of deaf'ning ordnance, and bright-gleaming bomb  
Meteorous on high ; still hast'ning on  
Th' assault. Soon follows the tumultuous scene  
Of fierce assailing throngs in escalade  
From ramparts headlong thrown, or pressing on,  
Elate, with shout victorious, instant drown'd  
In the loud thunder of th' exploding mine,  
Spreading more ample havoc, and anon  
Down on their comrades pouring the thick show'r  
Of massy smoking fragments dy'd with gore,  
And sear'd, and mangled limbs. Still is renew'd  
The perilous attempt, until beheld  
O'er a vast ruin, through dispersing smoke,  
High on the citadel triumphant waves  
Their ensign, and proclaims the conquest theirs.

Hence glory gilds their helms. But yonder see,  
In full retreat beneath the shelt'ring gloom,  
Prest by th' impending foe, the midnight march  
Brings on the cheerless file. The tale of fear,  
Augmented by each tongue, spreads fast its bane  
Along the broken rank, and discipline,  
That o'er the vet'ran's front had long impos'd



A shield of safeguard, leaving him serene  
Amid the dubious conflict, through the hour  
Of peril ever bold, now falters with  
The hasty step; and from the throbbing heart  
Is resolution flown. New-kindled fires  
Gleam on the threat'ned flank, seeming to shew  
On ev'ry eminence a countless host;  
Disorder thickens, and still growing more  
Subversive, prompts accelerated flight:  
A lawless multitude by panic wing'd,  
Scarce knowing whither, now they hurry on;  
While, a gigantic phantom, swelling still  
Its unsubstantial form, pale Terror strides  
Fast on their rear, and brandishing on high  
A beacon's fire, full blazing o'er their heads,  
Onward impels them to more certain fate.

And sad th' event, where some impeding flood  
Their way divides. Too narrow for their course,  
Too fragile for their violence, the bridge  
Block'd up, invites approach but to deceive,  
And aggravate still more the fatal strife  
Self-preservation prompts; soon broken down,  
It offers but a wreck, and where the ford  
Unknown, and where the deeps a passage sought,  
Beneath the eddying wave battalions sink  
O'erwhelm'd and succourless. More adverse still,

Seiz'd by the wary foe, the close defile,  
Assail'd in vain with many a rash attempt  
Of desperation : wading deep in blood,  
Here Slaughter indefatigable strikes  
New victims crowding on her, and in haste  
Still to augment her quarry, vainly strives  
To glut with carcasses the jaws of death.

Worn with discomfiture, of hope bereft,  
Nought for the small surviving band remains  
But hard submission. Sullen roll the hours,  
Till rising morn upon his fellow's cheek  
Shews each the gloomy image of despair :  
Scarce lessen'd, by the stipulated terms  
Of treaty, haply faithless, haply such  
As the best int'rests of their native land  
Annuls, and leaves it open to the grasp,  
The devastation, of a conqueror's hand.

Big with poetic horrors nurs'd in gloom,  
Of Gorgon, or Chimera front, awakes  
Dread Superstition ; by loose train of birds,  
Shaking dire omens from their shadowy wings,  
Attended, and but half discern'd, stalks forth  
In silence from the mansions of the dead :  
Commissions now her ready ministers  
In human semblance, of approaching fate

Prophetic ever held, and from the wave  
Rises the shrouded spectre to reveal  
The storm-tost vessel's doom. Irradiate stands,  
In form as lovely, but with bloodless cheek,  
Sweetly despondent near her lover's couch  
The plighted maid, and with alluring smile,  
Beckons and points out the cold nuptial bed  
That Death has rais'd. In his accustom'd guise  
Appears the buried friend, and summons from  
A scene of misery to realms of bliss,  
Of pure delightful virtue, him who oft  
Has with him struggled through the storms of life,  
And still remains upon its troublous sea,  
Worn out with sorrow, hopeless and forlorn.

And oft, abstracted from all worldly cares,  
Delights the soul o'er visionary themes  
To range uncheck'd, and feign that pleasing awe  
Of disembodied shapes, the offspring wild  
Of bard's prolific brain. While through the haze  
Glimmers the moon-beam faintly o'er the tombs;  
While broken shadows from yon blasted yews  
Change with the varying light, would Fancy now  
Raise the pale phantom from the yawning grave;  
And with her own creation heighten thus  
The silent solemn scene. In yon drear range  
Of cloisters, darken'd with their ivy shade,

Sullen and sad the spirit seems to glide,  
Untimely hurried by some guilty hand  
To his last home, and ever-restless seeks  
His former haunts. But inconsistent with  
The tranquil prospect of a future state  
Were the disheart'ning thought: hateful the change,  
If like the discontented ghosts of old,  
In Grecian fable to Leucadian rock  
Collected driven, or for fisher's bark,  
To waft them sudden to Britannic isle,  
Waiting in shrill complaint, with shrieks we fill'd,  
Like sudden startled bats, some hollow shore.  
Hateful, if devious hov'ring on the verge  
Of Acheron, imploring oft in vain  
The ghastly ferryman, and haply doom'd,  
Still unattended, ever to remain  
Solicitous. Ah, rather should we deem  
Them truly fortunate, from toil releas'd,  
And miserable bondage, who depart  
With crime unsullied to another world.

Hard were the task of this wide reigning power  
To scrutinize the source, though Science erst  
By the illiterate and wond'ring herd  
Nam'd Magic, hath by many been ascrib'd  
To Bactrian Zoroaster, who refin'd,  
Long ere his sacred code gave Hebrew sage,

Unartful man; and in pure element,  
Then Oromasdes call'd, the great good pow'r  
Ador'd. Whose sect still on the Caspians' shore  
Bows to the naphtha flame. Yet would it seem  
That in fresh vigour did th' imposture shoot,  
When, from connubial love, fond Isis rais'd  
Excessive honours to her mangled spouse  
Through Egypt's vast domain; to lordly pow'r  
Whence crafty Priesthood rose, and over realms  
With symbol dark, and mystery absurd,  
Imposing on a rude unthinking race,  
Far distant spread its sway: Soon Hellas caught  
Th' infatuation, by inventive bard  
With various and inimitable charms  
Of fable deck'd exuberant, though held  
In scorn by seers of philosophic school;  
And there in early times was cherish'd oft  
Foul immorality, as now it is  
In Indian realm, with immolation dire  
To Juggernaut, and reverence obscene  
Of Lingam. Hence it probably made way  
O'er many a barbarous region, deep immur'd  
In Scythian wild, and changeful as it pass'd  
O'er Occidental Europe, gave its aid  
To crown ambition's temples, and confirm  
Dominion absolute. Retiring far  
From Pompey's conqu'ring arm, here Fridulph's son,

Assuming to himself the sacred name  
Of Odin, by his magic fame attain'd  
Full sovereignty, and left his kindred, gods  
O'er the believing million; whose exploits,  
Bold and miraculous, so oft were sung  
In wild, terrific strain by Northern scald;  
And agents fabulous, in countless train  
Were nurtur'd to intimidate, and keep  
In servile ignorance the mind of man.

And long o'er many a wide extended tract  
The fraud endur'd, ere Christian lore prevail'd  
With purer moral and more simple creed,  
And woke the rude barbarian to the charms  
Of ev'ry milder virtue. Long o'er the East,  
Ere sage Mohammed through the Sabian world  
His light diffus'd, and from inhuman tribe  
Of Kendah and of Koreish banish'd each  
Unholy rite, and sole obeisance  
To One eternal sanction'd. Yet ev'n now,  
Like the delusive flame that oft appears  
To nightly traveller, doth it mislead  
From the safe path of reason thoughtless man.

No longer now upon the thyme-bank seen,  
In prankish revel trip the fairy elves;  
Nor ring nor roundelaye of theirs upon

The dewy mead is danc'd. Hence are they flown  
With Sylphic train, and Genii, to sport  
In balmy covert of Arabian grove,  
Knit with their kindred Dives. Scarce ever known,  
Wand'ring adown the moonlight hedge, where hangs  
The dusky nightshade its envenom'd bow'r,  
Where the rank henbane grows, and adderstongue,  
Potent in hellish charm the wither'd witch.  
Frightful to rustic's eye, the ghost appears  
In sole possession of the haunted glade.

Whilst all is calm around, let me survey  
The hoar basaltic cavern on the sea  
In grandeur op'ning, whose high columns rais'd  
By Nature's hand inimitable, cast  
A pearly radiance o'er the lucid face  
Of waters, wafting the pale visag'd moon  
In gentle undulation. Through the rocks  
The snow-white sail fast fleeting, and anon  
Emerging regular, and on the sight  
Flashing with silver gleam the feather'd oars.  
Thence, on the lofty promontory's crest,  
That backs the light, in dubious veil enwrapt  
Of shadow, still and sullen seems to sit  
The giant Spectre, pensive o'er the surge  
That lashes the dark strand; long gaz'd upon  
By wakeful mariner, and ominous

By fear-struck fancy held. Nor less the ear  
Amusive charms of fiction there partakes,  
Fiction that ever to the ravish'd sense  
Gives keener transport. Sweeping the high vault  
Resounds the murm'ring breeze, in lengthen'd  
swell

Now loud, now dying tremulous away  
In mournful melody. Soft dashing waves,  
With sound by replication sweeten'd, join  
Th' aerial chant, in symphony divine  
Of mystic harps now seeming in full choir,  
And raise the soul to heav'n; now heard alone,  
Breathing faint whispers, soothe her to repose.

But at this solemn hour are other strains  
Oftimes immingled; strains of keenest woe.  
When blust'ring Autumn wraps in shadowy cloud  
The perilous expanse, and driv'n by storms  
From Ocean's open field the foreign bark  
Distressful seeks the cove, and drifting fast  
Without a pilot, on the fatal reef  
Strikes sudden. From her deck tumultuous borne  
Is consternation's voice. Th' impetuous surge,  
In whelming deluge through her shatter'd side,  
Imagination sees: increasing still  
Confusion louder reigns, and straight is heard  
One helpless, piercing shriek, and all is hush'd.



Oft to the tow'r or elevated plain,  
Whence unimpeded, wide the view extends,  
Her philosophic train let Science lead,  
To scan the star-bright heaven, where appears  
Th' eternal godhead infinite in pow'r,  
Great beyond human thought, by thee reveal'd,  
Pythagoras, immortal Newton shewn,  
By thee, sublime, surpassing utmost flight  
Of bardic emanation. Where shall man  
The universal Father contemplate  
In equal glory? Where shall he so clear  
Read his own insignificance, as where  
He sees a bright plurality of worlds;  
Imagines systems numberless, the work  
Of one supreme, directed, and preserv'd  
Beauteous in never deviating course?

But ere long, glimm'ring o'er the eastern wave  
Will twilight pale the gloom; with jocund song,  
Ere long, will chanticleer salute the dawn,  
And rouse the tuneful lark. Come gentle Sleep,  
From silent bow'r, in ebon shades immur'd,  
Where mandrake and green hemlock knit their leaves,  
And dew-steep'd poppies hang their heavy heads  
Beneath the breathless calm, in comfort come,  
And lull my weary bosom to repose.  
Banish thy fearful demons to the couch

Of ever restless guilt; lo ! there reclines  
The fell despoiler of the orphan's store ;  
The ruthless miser who would wring the mite  
From bleeding poverty ; the wretch malign  
Whose baleful breath was ever prompt to blight  
The flow'r of innocence ; the flatt'rer there,  
And fawning sycophant ; their sordid hearts  
Corrode with all the venom of remorse,  
Till, in their dreams appall'd, they pine and fade,  
Like haggard phantoms hover o'er the grave,  
And start at keener torments still to come,

## NOTES.



## NOTES

TO

### IDYLL I.

---

**B**UT let the bard of bright Iran, &c.

Hafiz thus commences one of his Gazels, as paraphrased by Hindley.

In roses veil'd the morn displays  
Her charms, and blushes as we gaze ;  
Come wine, my gay companions, pour,  
Observant of the morning hour.

Then come, your thirst with wine allay,  
Attentive to the dawn of day.  
See, spangling dew-drops trickling chase,  
Adown the tulip's vermeil face;

O'er rough Benacus by its mountain blast,

The lago di garda.

A recent traveller thus describes a storm on this lake. " We left Sermione after sun-set; and lighted by the moon, glided smoothly over the lake to Desensano, four miles distant, where, about eight, we stepped from the boat into a very good inn. So far the appearance of the Benacus was very different from the description which Virgil has given of its stormy character. Before we retired to rest, about midnight, from our windows we observed it still calm and unruffled. About three in the morning I was roused from sleep by the door and windows bursting open at once, and the wind roaring round the room. I started up, and, looking out, observed, by the light of the moon, the lake in the most dreadful agitation, and the waves dashing against the walls of the inn, and resembling the swellings of the ocean,

more than the petty agitation of inland waters. Shortly after the landlord entered with a lantern, closed the outward shutters, expressed some apprehensions, but at the same time assured me, that their houses were built to resist such sudden tempests, and that I might repose with confidence under a roof, which had withstood full many a storm as terrible as that which occasioned our present alarm. Next morning the lake so tranquil and serene the evening before, presented a surface covered with foam, and swelling into mountain billows, that burst in breakers every instant at the very door of the inn, and covered the whole house with spray. Virgil's description now seemed Nature itself, and taken from the very scene actually under our eyes; it was impossible not to exclaim,

Teque

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

Georg. II.

Eustace, Classical Tour in Italy.

In foam Velino thund'ring down its steep, &c.

The height of the fall of the Velino, near Terni, is usually considered about three hundred feet. A particular de-

scription of a scene, so frequently visited and admired by travellers, would be here of little utility.

And long unus'd  
To the rude conflict of infuriate war.

Unlike Tyrtæus amongst the Spartans, the immortal Chiabrera seems not to have been very successful in his warlike exhortation, however excellent.

Quando ai suoi gioghi Italia alma traea  
Barbare torme di pallor dipinte,  
E regie braccia di gran ferri avvinte  
Scorgeasi a piè la trionfal Tarpea ;

Non pendean, pompa dell' Idalia Dea,  
Sul fianco de' guerrier le spade cinte,  
Ma d'atro sangue ribagnate e tinte  
Vibrarle in campo ciascun' alma ardea.

Infra ghiacci, infra turbine, infra fuochi  
Spingeano su' destrier l'aste ferrate  
Intenti il mondo a ricoprir d'orrore ;



E noi tra danze in amorosi giuochi,  
Neghittosi miriam nostra viltate  
Esser trionfo dell' altrui furore.

And here in mitigation, &c.

Although, in most savage nations, and in many of those which may be called half-civilized, human sacrifices are not unfrequent, no where do they appear to have been so prevalent as in Mexico, before the arrival of the Spaniards. Most of her monarchs were warlike and successful, and every prisoner of war was offered up. Robertson thus speaks of some of the followers of Cortes. "The approach of night, though it delivered the dejected Spaniards from the attacks of the enemy, ushered in, what was hardly less grievous, the noise of their barbarous triumph, and of the horrid festival with which they celebrated their victory. Every quarter of the city was illuminated; the great temple shone with such peculiar splendour, that the Spaniards could plainly see the people in motion, and the priests busy in hastening the preparations for the death of the prisoners. Through the gloom, they fancied they discerned their companions by the whiteness of their skins, as they were stripped naked, and compelled to dance before the image of the god to whom they were to be offered. They heard the shrieks

of those who were sacrificed, and thought they could distinguish each unhappy victim by the well known sound of his voice. Imagination added to what they really saw or heard, and augmented its horror. The most unfeeling melted into tears of compassion, and the stoutest heart trembled at the dreadful spectacle which they beheld."

ROBERTSON, HIST. AMER. Book v.

The same author adds in a note, "The station of Alvarado on the causeway of Tacuba was the nearest to the city. Cortes observes, that there they could distinctly observe what passed when their countrymen were sacrificed. B. Diaz, who belonged to Alvarado's division, relates what he beheld with his own eyes. Like a man whose courage was so clear as to be above suspicion, he describes with his usual simplicity the impression which this spectacle made upon him. "Before," says he, "I saw the breasts of my companions opened, their hearts yet fluttering offered to an accursed idol, and their flesh devoured by their exulting enemies, I was accustomed to enter a battle not only without fear, but with high spirit. But from that time I never advanced to fight the Mexicans without a secret horror and anxiety; my heart trembled at the thoughts of the death I had seen them suffer." He takes care to add, that as soon

as the combat began his terror went off, and indeed his adventurous bravery on every occasion is full evidence of this.

Instructive Bard, in whom Apollo join'd, &c.

Dr. Armstrong, author of the justly admired poem on the Art of preserving Health.



## NOTES

TO

### IDYLL II.

---

RETRACT their ill-proportion'd shade.

Già il Sole, in verso mezzo giorno cala,  
E vien l'ombre stremando, che raccorcia;  
Dà loro proportion e brutta e mala,  
Come a figura dipinta in iscorcia;  
Rinforzava il suo canto la cicala,  
E'l mondo ardeva a guisa d' una torcia;  
L'aria sta cheta, ed ogni fronde salda  
Nella stagion più dispettosa, e calda.

LORENZO. La caccia col falcone.

Of vast banyan, &c.

After the prints and descriptions of this enormous tree, which have been published, a detail of its peculiarities would be superfluous. It is said to be much frequented by doves, peacocks, boolbuls and other birds.

As yet by man untutor'd the bayà.

Of this little bird an account is given in the Asiatic Researches, vol. ii.—“ He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation. It is the popular belief that he lights his nest with fire-flies.”

Tired of the chase, &c.

Ου δέμις, ὦ ποιμάν, το μεσαμβρίνον, ἔ δέμις ἀμμιν  
Συρίσδεν· τον Πανα δεδοικαμες. ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' αἰγας  
Τανικα κεκηκῶς ἀμπανεται.

THEOC. Id. i.

Ev'n the blythe lark, &c.

Αἵνικα δὴ καὶ σαυρὸς ἐφ' αἵμασι καθευδεῖ,  
Οὐδ' ἐπιτυμβιδιοὶ κορυθαλιδὲς ηλαινόνται.

THEOC. Id. vii.

By Smyrna's second sad lamented son.

Τέτο, Μέλη, νεὸν αλγὸς ἀπώλετο πρᾶν ἴοι Ὀμηρος,  
Τὴν το Καλλιόπας γλυκερὸν στόμα· καὶ σὲ λεγόντι  
Μυρεῖσθαι καλὸν νῖα πολυκλαυσοῖσι ῥέεθροῖς,  
Πᾶσαν δ' ἐπλησας φωνᾶς ἅλα· νῦν παλιν ἄλλον  
Υῖα δακρυεῖς.

Epitaph. BIONIS.

It is highly probable that Bion passed much of his time in Sicily. Moschus in the abovementioned Idyll desires the nightingales to tell the waters of Arethusa of his death.

Ἀδονες αἱ πυκνοῖσιν ὀδυρομέναι ποτὶ φύλλοις,  
Ναμασι τοῖς Σικελοῖς ἀγγεῖλατε τὰς Ἀρεθυσᾶς,  
Ὅτ' ἰ Βίων τεθνήκεν ὁ Βωκόλος, ὅτ' ἰ συν αὐτῷ  
Καὶ τὸ μέλος τεθνήκε, καὶ ὤλετο Δωρὶς αἰοῖδα.

And him who sweetly tun'd the lays of love.

Daphnis, whose fate is so sweetly sung by Thyrsis in the first Idyll of Theocritus, is by many considered the earliest of the Sicilian pastoral poets.

On the green surface of the placid sea,  
The nautilus &c.

Εστὶ δὲ τις γλαφυρῷ κεκαλυμμένος οστράκῳ ἰχθύς  
Μορφήν παλυποδῶσσιν ἀλιγκίος, ὃν καλεῖσσι  
Ναυτίλον, οἰκίησιν ἐπικλεῖα ναυτιλίησι.  
Ναίει μὲν φάμαθοις, ἀναδ' ἐρχεται ἀκρον ἐς ὕδωρ  
Περηνῆς, ὅφρα κε μὴ μιν ἐνιπλήσειε θάλασσα.  
Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἀναπλῶσθι ῥῶθίων ὑπὲρ Ἀμφιτρίτης  
Αἰψά μεταστρεφθεὶς ναυτιλλέται, ὥς' ἀκατοιο  
Ἰδρὺς ἀνῆρ' ὀϊῆς μὲν ἀνω ποδάς, ὥςτε καλῶας,  
' Ἀντανυεῖ' μέσσοις δὲ διαρρεῖ, ἥντε λαίφος,  
Λεπτός ἤμην, ἀνεμῶτε τιταινέται' αὐτὰρ ἐνερθε  
Δαίροι, ἄλλος ψαυόντες, φοῖκοτες οἰηκῶσσι,  
Πομπῶι ἰθύνεσι δόμον καὶ νῆα καὶ ἰχθυον.  
' Ἀλλ' ὅτε ταρβήσῃ οὐχέδοθεν κακόν, ἔχετ' ἀνταῖς  
Φεύγει ἐπιτρεφας, σὺν δ' ἐσπασε πάντα χαλίνα,



Ἰς ἱὰ τ', οἰηκαστέ, το δ' αἰθροον ενδον εδεκτο  
 Κύμα, βαρυνομενος τε καθελκεται υδατος ὄρημη.

OPP. Halieut. 1.

In hollow shell conceal'd,  
 And not unlike polypedes, frequents  
 The Nautilus the sandy bottom; from  
 His nautical ability so call'd.  
 Hence unimpeded in his rise ascends  
 Prone to the surface, and then turning, rides,  
 Like an experienc'd mariner, the wave.  
 For sail two feet extend to catch the breeze,  
 An intermediate membrane, two beneath  
 Immergent for his helm direct his bark  
 And habitation. But alarm'd, he trusts  
 No longer to the breeze, at once draws in  
 His sail and rudder, fills his little shell,  
 And sinks immediate in the whelming flood.

His chequer'd vans and dark blue coat of mail  
 Displays the dragon fly.—

The dragon-fly (*libellula*) is said by naturalists to remain in the water, in the larva and pupa state, two years. It emerges and takes wing towards the decline of summer, and perishes in the earliest frost.

Thus where Barrady.

The account given by Maundrill of this river and of Damascus, may be worth transcribing. On arriving at the brink of a neighbouring precipice, he observes :

“ At the highest part of the precipice is erected a small structure, like a Sheck’s sepulchre, concerning which the Turks relate this story:—‘ That their prophet coming near Damascus, took his station at that place for some time in order to view the city; and considering the ravishing beauty and delightfulness of it, he would not tempt his frailty by entering into it; but instantly departed, with this reflection upon it, that there was but one Paradise designed for man, and for his part he was resolved not to take his in this world.’

“ You have indeed from the precipice the most perfect view of Damascus. And certainly no place in the world can promise the beholder, at a distance, greater voluptuousness. It is situate in an even plain of so great extent, that you can but just discern the mountains that compass it on the further side. It stands on the west side of the plain, at not above two miles’ distance from the place where the river Barrady breaks out from between the mountains; its gardens extending almost to the very place.

“ The city itself is of a long straight figure; its ends pointing near north-east and south-west. It is very slender in the middle; but swells bigger at each end, especially at that to the north-east. In its length, as far as I could guess by my eye, it may extend near two miles. It is thick set with mosques and steeples, the usual ornaments of the Turkish cities; and is encompassed with gardens extending no less, according to common estimation, than thirty miles round; which makes it look like a noble city in a vast wood. The gardens are thick set with fruit-trees of all kinds, kept fresh and verdant by the waters of Barrady. You discover in them many turrets, and steeples, and summer-houses, frequently peeping out from amongst the green boughs, which may be conceived to add no small advantage and beauty to the prospect. On the north side of this vast wood is a place called Solkees, where are the most beautiful summer-houses and gardens.

“ The greatest part of this pleasantness and fertility proceeds, as I said, from the waters of the Barrady, which supply both the gardens and the city in great abundance. This river, as soon as it issues out from between the cleft of the mountain before-mentioned, into the plain, is immediately divided into three streams, of which the middlemost and biggest runs directly to Damascus, through a large open

field called Ager Damascenus, and is distributed to all the cisterns and fountains of the city. The other two (which I take to be the work of art) are drawn round, one to the right hand, and the other to the left, on the borders of the gardens, into which they are let as they pass by little currents, and so dispersed all over the vast wood. Insomuch that there is not a garden, but has a fine quick stream running through it, which serves not only for watering the place, but is also improved into fountains and other water-works, very delightful, though not contrived with that variety of exquisite art which is used in Christendom."

In an excursion near the city he afterwards says:—

"Returning from hence homewards, we were shewn by the way a very beautiful bagnio; and not far from it a coffee-house capable of entertaining four or five hundred people, shaded overhead with trees, and with mats when the boughs fail. It had two quarters for the reception of guests; one proper for the summer, the other for the winter. That designed for the summer was a small island, washed all round with a large swift stream, and shaded over-head with mats and trees. We found here a multitude of Turks upon divans, regaling themselves in this pleasant place; there being nothing which they behold with so much delight as greens and

water: to which if a beautiful face be added, they have a proverb, that all three together make a perfect antidote against melancholy."

MAUNDRILL, Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem.

Thy painted race, fam'd Agassean breed.

These dogs are much praised for their nose in Oppian's Cynegetic, book i.

Τες τραφεν αγρια φυλα βρετανων αιολονωτων,  
Αυταρ επικληθην σφας Αγασσαιως ονομηναν.

Or oryx, &c.

See the description of this fierce animal, in the Second Book of the Cynegetic.

Bold as their game, &c.

This description, as well as the following, is taken from the Fourth Book of Oppian's Cynegetic.

For thee, lamented bard, &c.

The author alludes to Chatterton.



## NOTES

TO

### IDYLL III.

---

ON Ogyris' or Taprobana's coast.

Ogyris, an island in the Indian seas.

Notwithstanding the more general opinion that Taprobana is the island of Ceylon, and to which Robertson is inclined; the situation, size, and shape of Sumatra seem to give it the greatest claims to that appellation. The equator is said by Ptolemy to divide the island. Agathemerus and others say it is larger than Britain, and Eustathius in his *παρεκβολαι* on Dionysius, calls it *τετραπλευρος*, mentioning Lychnus, in allusion to the lines,

Νησος τετραπλευρος, ἀλιγεφανος Ταπροβανη,  
Θηρονομων πεπληθεν εὐρύγων ἐλεφαντων.

The author of the Disquisition concerning ancient India notices the affirmation of Strabo, that it was according to some reports seven, to others, twenty days' sail from the southern extremity of the peninsula, and observes the difficulty in which the subject is involved by the dubious accounts of the ancient geographers. Some writers however assert it to be Ceylon, as if the point had been well ascertained, and those too who by no means in other respects can be considered as wishing to give the credulous reader satisfaction, whether on good grounds or not. Ceylon is less than Ireland, and at its nearest coast is about five degrees north of the line.

Where bristly monsters, &c.

Αὐτη δ' εὐρυτατη μεγεθος πελει· ἄμφι δὲ παντη  
Κητεα θινες ἔχουσιν, Ερυθραια βοτα ποντα,  
Ουρεσιν ἡλιδατοισιν ἑικοτα· των δ' ὑπερ ἀκρων  
Τετρηχεν νωτων περιμηκετος ὄλκος ἀκανθης.  
Δυσμενεων τοι παιδες, ἐλισσομενοι περι ποντον,  
Κεινοις αντιασειαν ἀλωμενοι· ὃ γαρ ἔρωη



Λυγγροὺς ἐν στομάτεσσιν. ἔπει μέγα χάσμα τετυκται.

Πολλαὶ δ' αὖν καὶ νηαὶ συν αὐτοῖς ἀνδράσι νηος

Κεῖνα καταβρωξείε τεραατα.

DION. Perieg. 596.

These terrible whales are, I believe, at present seldom seen in the Indian seas.

#### Round Southern Afric, &c.

Herodotus, after saying that Africa was surrounded by the sea, observes, “The first person who has proved this, was, as far as we are able to judge, Necho king of Egypt. When he had desisted from his attempt to join by a canal the Nile with the Arabian gulf, he dispatched some vessels, under the conduct of Phœnicians, with directions to pass by the Columns of Hercules, and after penetrating the Northern Ocean to return to Egypt.

These Phœnicians, taking their course from the Red Sea, entered into the Southern Ocean. On the approach of Autumn they landed in Libya, and planted some corn in the place where they happened to find themselves; when this was ripe, and they had cut it down, they again departed.

Having thus consumed two years, they in the third doubled the columns of Hercules, and returned to Egypt.

HEROD. MELPOM.—Beloe.

The same historian observes, that according to the Carthaginian account, another voyage was undertaken by Sataspes, who had been condemned to die, and was allowed by Xerxes in lieu of punishment to circumnavigate this great continent: he however returned without accomplishing his purpose, and was in consequence executed.

Still cheering with fresh hopes, &c.

Robertson gives the following account of the progress of Columbus:—

“ By the 14th of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Islands, at a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had been before that time. They were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the polar star, but varied towards the west; and as they

proceeded, this variation increased. This appearance, which is now familiar, though it still remains one of the mysteries of nature, into the cause of which the sagacity of man hath not been able to penetrate, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were now in a boundless and unknown ocean, far from the usual course of navigation; nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, or silenced their murmurs.

“ He still continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course he came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics, and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity, that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds, that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick, as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined they were now arrived at the utmost

boundary of the navigable ocean; that these floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land, which had sunk, they knew not how, in that place. Columbus endeavoured to persuade them, that what had alarmed, ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time, a brisk gale arose and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirit, and began to entertain fresh hopes."

ROBERTSON, *Hist. of America*, Book ii.

On thee, Magelhaen, next, &c.

The same writer, after describing the voyage of Magelhaen to the straits which bear his name, observes,

"After sailing twenty days in that winding dangerous channel, where one of his ships deserted him, the Great Southern Ocean opened to his view, and with tears of joy he returned thanks to Heaven for having thus far crowned his endeavours with success.

“ But he was still at a greater distance than he imagined from the object of his wishes. He sailed during three months and twenty days in an uniform direction towards the north-west without discovering land. In this voyage, the longest that had ever been made in the unbounded ocean, he suffered incredible distress. His stock of provisions was almost exhausted, the water became putrid, the men were reduced to the shortest allowance with which it was possible to sustain life, and the scurvy, the most dreadful of all the maladies with which seafaring men are afflicted, began to spread among the crew. One circumstance alone afforded them some consolation ; they enjoyed an uninterrupted course of fair weather, with such favourable winds, that Magellan bestowed on that ocean the name of Pacific, which it still retains. When reduced to such extremity that they must have sunk under their sufferings, they fell in with a cluster of small but fertile islands, which afforded them refreshments in such abundance that their health was soon re-established. From these isles, which he called De los Ladrones, he proceeded on his voyage, and soon made a more important discovery of the islands now known by the name of the Philippines. In one of these he got into an unfortunate quarrel with the natives, who attacked him with a numerous body of troops well armed, and while he fought at the head of his men with his usual valour, he fell by the hands of

those barbarians, together with several of his principal officers."

Hist. Amer. Book v.

Gaboto.

Giovanni Gaboto, employed by Henry the Seventh of England, who discovered Newfoundland, and part of the coast of the continent adjoining. His object seems to have been a new passage to India.

Tasman, the celebrated circumnavigator of Australasia.

———— his wonted tale

Recounts the Arab.

This custom of the Arabs is well known to those travellers who have passed the desert.

The Colonean. Colonos was the birth-place of Sophocles, as was Salamis that of Euripides.

Such the strain, in silent musing,  
Overheard by Tuscan sage, &c.

Se dell' uve il sangue amabile  
Non rinfranca ognor le vene,  
Questa vita è troppo labile,  
Tropo breve, e sempre in pene.

REDI. Bacco in Toscana.

Can the rose, &c.

Ου ρόδον, ου Ναρκισσος εὐχρεος, οκ ανεμωνη,  
Ου κρινον, οκ Τακινθος ισαζεται ερνεϊ Βακχου.

NON. Dion. b. xii.

In distant realm of bright Cathay, &c.

“The Chinese have no weekly holiday like our Sunday, but festivals are kept on the days of the new and full moon; in Spring and Autumn, and on the commencement of the new year. On the latter occasion particularly there is much dissipation, but acquaintances renew suspended intercourse, and offended friends are reconciled.”

STAUNTON. Embassy, V. II. v.

After observing that strong and spirituous liquors are relished by them, that writer adds, "When the company begins to be exhilarated, and some of the party are desirous of retiring, the same compulsory devices are described to be practised for preventing their departure, or recalling them, if already going away, as have sometimes been used on similar occasions of convivial merriment in Europe."

That pellucid Bætis laves.

The Guadalquiver and its neighbourhood were of old celebrated for wine. The clearness of its wave is also noticed by Martial.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ;  
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:  
Quem Bromius, quem Pallas amat; ceu rector aquarum  
Albula navigerum per freta pandit iter:  
Ominibus lætis vestras Instantius oras  
Intret; & hic populis ut prior annus eat.  
Non ignorat, onus quod sit succedere Macró.  
Qui sua mentitur pondera, ferre potest.

MART. Ep. xcix. lib. xii.



Let old Corcyran sparkle round.

The wines of Corcyra and of Naxos, the latter so much esteemed by Archilochus, were in much request.

ATHEN. lib. 1.

Chryse. Thasos. The wine of this island, like that of Byblos, was very fragrant.

ΟΞΕΙΝ ΤΕ ΤΗΣ ΧΡΟΣΑΣ ΕΦΑΣΚΕΝ ΗΔΥ ΜΕ.

ΕΙ ΘΑΑΣΙΟΥ ΕΝΕΧΕΙΣ, ΕΙΚΟΤΩΣ ΓΕΝΗ ΔΙΑ.

ARISTOPH. Plut. act. iv. sc. 4.

Snowy Chios' luscious juice.

Chian, so much admired in Greece, seems also to have been much drank in Italy, and to have been much approved of by Horace. He mentions it very often.

And Byblos steaming sweets profuse.

ΑΝΕΩΞΑ ΔΕ ΒΥΒΛΙΝΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΙΣ

ΕΥΩΔΗ, ΤΕΤΟΡΩΝ ΕΤΕΩΝ, ΣΧΕΔΟΝ Ὡς ΑΠΟ ΛΑΝΩ.

THEOC. Id. xv.

Hesiod recommends this wine to be drank in some shady retreat in hot weather,

αλλα τοτ' ηδη

Ειη εν πετραιη τε σκιη, και Βυβλινος οινος,

Μαζα τ' αμολγαιη.

HES. OP. & DI. 588.

In Athenæus, lib. 1. a Thracian wine called Βυβλινος is mentioned, and some have thought the above the same, and that it ought to be so written. See the Scholia and notes attached to the word in the two poets, and the conversation in the first book of Athenæus.

Boy, where coolest runnels flow.

Quis puer ocyus

Restinguet ardentis Falerni

Pocula prætereunte lympa?

Quis devium, &c.

Ode xi. lib. 2. HOR.

Alban that in cave profound.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum

Plenus Albani cadus.

Ode xi. lib. 4. HOR.

Cras bibit Albanis aliquid de montibus, aut de  
Setinis, cujus patriam, titulumque senectus  
Delevit multa veteris fuligine testæ.

Sat. v. JUV.

Nectar drawn from Massic vine.

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,  
Nec partem solido demere de die  
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto  
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

Ode i. HOR.

Absumit hæres Cæcuba dignior  
Servata centum clavibus.

Ode xiv. lib. 2. HOR.

Cæcuba fundanis generosa coquantur Amyclis:  
Vitis et in mediâ nata palude viret.

Epigr. cxv. lib. 13. MART.

Surrentina bibis? nec myrrhina picta nec aurum  
Sume: dabunt calices hæc tibi vina suos.

Epigr. cx. lib. 13. MART.

Rough Falern, &c.

At sermo linguâ concinnus utraque  
Suavior, ut Chio nota si mista Falerni est.

Sat. x. lib. 1. HOR.

But hence the golden chalice bear.

Heliadum crustas, et inequales beryllo  
Virro tenet phialas; tibi non committitur aurum;  
Vel si quando datur, custos affixus ibidem,  
Qui numeret gemmas, unguisque observet acutos.  
Da veniam, præclara illic laudatur iaspis;  
Nam Virro, ut multi, gemmas ad pocula transfert  
A digitis. Sat. v. JUV.

Howling to the deep ton'd horn.

The horrible noise of this frantic rout is usually mentioned by the Greek poets. As Catullus gives some admirable lines to this subject, we shall subjoin them.

At parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus,  
Cum thiaso Satyrorum, et Nysigenes Silenis,

Te quærens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus amore :  
Qui tum alacres passim lymphata mente furebant ;  
Evæ bacchantes, evæ capita inflectentes.  
Horum pars tecta quatiebant cuspide thyrsos :  
Pars e divulso jactabant membra juvenco :  
Pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant :  
Pars obscura cavis celebrabant Orgia cistis,  
Orgia, quæ frustra cupiunt audire profani :  
Plangerunt alii proceris tympana palmis,  
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant :  
Multi raucisonis efflabant cornua bombis,  
Barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu.

CATULL. de nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos.



# NOTES

TO

## IDYLL IV.

---

WITH golden violet, &c.

Amongst the flowers mentioned by the author of an interesting tour in Lapland, as belonging to that country, are the *pyrola uniflora*, the *lychnis vescaria*, the *trollius Europeanus*, the *parnassia*, the *viola biflora*, entirely yellow, and the sweet-scented *linnea borealis*. Pine, aspen, birch, and willow in great variety, are the most common woods. Reindeer moss of a yellowish white gives its hue to large tracts, but delightful spots are also found, where, he says, the flowers of our meadows grow in great luxuriance. At night when the sun shines "in all his brightness," is heard the

song of the nightingale of the frozen zone. "The tender plaints of Philomel do not fix the heart with such deep attention as these notes, equally sonorous but more sorrowful than hers. He whose soul has been once pierced by those dreadful blows of fate, which leave for life an impression of melancholy; he who in the flower of his age has seen what was dearest to him in the world expire; should avoid hearing these funereal chaunts in the silence of nature by the solemn light of a midnight sun."

SKIOLDEBRAND, Picturesque Journey to the North Cape.

Noting the silent hour the Southern Cross.

"The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical at the hour when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropic, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour in the night, in different seasons, the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made."

HUMBOLDT'S Narrative of Travels in the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent.



Lutetia fair resort, &c. Voltaire says of St. Bartholomew's Night.

Je ne vous peindrai point le tumulte et les cris,  
 Le sang de tous côtés ruisselant dans Paris,  
 Le fils assassiné sur le corps de son père,  
 Le frère avec la sœur, la fille avec la mère,  
 Les époux expirant sous leurs toits embrasés,  
 Les enfants au berceau sur la pierre écrasés :  
 Des fureurs des humains c'est ce qu'un doit attendre.  
 Mais ce que l'avenir aura peine à comprendre,  
 Ce que vous même encore à peine vous croirez,  
 Ces monstres furieux de carnage altérés,  
 Excités par la voix des prêtres sanguinaires,  
 Invoquaient le Seigneur en egorgeant leurs frères,  
 Et, le bras tout souillé du sang des innocents,  
 Osaient offrir à Dieu cet exécration encens.

Henriade. Chant. ii.

Like sudden startled bats, &c.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε νυκτεριδὲς μυχῶ ἀντρὸς θισπέσιαι  
 Τριζῶσι ποτεονται, ἐπεὶ κε τις ἀποπείσῃ  
 Ὀρμαθεῖ ἐκ πέτρης, αἶνα τ' ἀλλήλησιν ἐχονται.  
 Ὡς αἱ τετριγυῖαι ἀμ' ἡύσαν' ἤρχε δ' ἀρα σφιν

Ἑρμείας ἀκακητα κατ' ἔυρωντα κελευθα.

Παρ' ὅισιν Ὀκείαν τε ῥοας καὶ λευκάδα πετρην,

Ἦδε παρ' Ἡελίοιο πυλάς, καὶ δῆμον Ὀνειρων.

Ἦσαν.

HOM. Od. lib. xxiv.

As in the cavern of some rifled den,  
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;  
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock  
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock.  
So cowering fled the sable heap of ghosts,  
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.  
And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends,  
And now the gates where Evening Sol descends,  
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,  
And now pervade the dusky land of dreams.

POPE'S Trans.

The observations of Aristarchus, Eustathius, and many more recent commentators on this white or Leucadian rock are sufficiently well known. Those of Barnes on verse 1693 of the *Helena* of Euripides, making Britain a receptacle for the dead, are less so; though they are strengthened, as Gesner observes in his note on Claudian in *Rufinum*, lib. 1. by the following lines of that poet.

Est locus extremum qua pandit Gallia littus  
 Oceani prætentus aquis, ubi fertur Ulysses  
 Sanguine libato populum movisse silentem.  
 Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantum  
 Flebilis auditur quæstus, simulacra coloni  
 Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras.  
 Hinc Dea prosiliit, Phæbique egressa serenos  
 Infecit radios, ululatuque æthera rupit.  
 Terrifico sensit færale Britannia murmur,  
 Et Senonum quatit arva fragor, revolutaque Tethys  
 Substitit, et Rhenus projecta torpuit urna.

Isaac Tzetzes in his scholia on the blessed islands of Lycophron l. 1204, gives the story of the fishermen, who paid no tribute on account of being employed in rowing over the spirits. When awoke to attend them, on getting on board the vessels that were in waiting, they saw no one, but found by their oars that they were not empty. The passage was instantaneous. On arriving they heard the names of their invisible passengers called over, and immediately returned.

“ Ἀρασσομένων μετὰ μικρὸν αἰσθάνονται τῶν θυῶν, καὶ Φωνῆς ἀκούουσιν ἐπὶ τὸ ἔργον καλεσθῆς αὐτῆς, ἀναστάντες δὲ, πρὸς τὸν αἰγιαλὸν βαδίζουσιν, ἕκ ἐκείνους ποῖα ἄγει αὐτῆς ἀνάγκη. ὁρῶσι δὲ ἀκάτας παρὰ σκευασμένας, ἀλλ’ ὅτι αὐτῶν, κενὰς μὲντοι ἀνθρώπων, ἐν αἷς ἐισελθόντες κωπηλατοῦσι, καὶ αἰσθάνονται βαρὺς τῶν πλοίων, ὥς ἐξ ἐπιβάτων εἶδεναι δὲ ὁρῶσι.

ῥοπή δε μια κατατρεχσιν εἰς την Βρεττανίαν νησον, μόλις, ὅτε χρωνται ταις ἰδίαις ναυσι νυκθημέρη κατασαι δυναμενοι. Καταξαντες δε προς την νησον, παλιν εἰδὲνα ὄρωσι, φωνῆς δε ἀκασσι των δηθεν ὑποδεχομενων τῆς αὐτων ἐπιβόας, ἀπαριθμειντων αὐτῆς και πατροθεν και μητροθεν, ἐτι δε και ἐξ ἀξίας, και τεχνῆς, και ὀνοματος των καθ' ενα καλωντων. οἱ δε τῶτων δηθεν ἀποφορετισαμενοι, παλιν ἐλαφροτεροις τοις σκαφεσι μια ῥοπή προς τας δικίας αὐτων ὑποστρεφεισι.”

Ere sage Mohammed through the Sabian world, &c.

What the Christian religion effected on its diffusion in the North-west of Europe, in lessening superstition, and putting an end to human sacrifices, the Mohammedan did on its progress in the South-eastern regions of the earth. In Chap. 5 of the Koran the superstitious reverence of certain animals is condemned. “God hath not ordained any thing concerning <sup>1</sup> Bahîra, nor Saîba, nor Wasîla, nor Hâmi; but the unbelievers have invented a lie against God; and the greater part of them do not understand.”

In Chap. 6. is mentioned, concerning the idolaters of

<sup>1</sup> These were names given by the Pagan Arabs to certain camels, or sheep, that were exempted from common services in honour of their gods. (Sale's note), also Prel. Disc. sect. v.

Mecca, "How ill do they judge! In like manner have their<sup>1</sup> companions induced many of the idolaters to slay their children, that they might bring them to perdition, and that they might render their religion obscure and confused unto them. The fear of being reduced to poverty in providing for their daughters, was also a reason that urged their sacrifice.

"Some say that when an Arab had a daughter born, if he intended to bring her up, he sent her clothed in a garment of wool or hair, to keep camels or sheep in the desert; but if he designed to put her to death, he let her live till she became six years old, and then said to her mother, Perfume her, and adorn her, that I may carry her to her mothers; which being done, the father led her to a well or pit dug for that purpose, and having bid her to look down into it, pushed her in headlong, as he stood behind her, and then filling up the pit, levelled it with the rest of the ground. But others say, that when a woman was ready to fall in labour, they dug a pit, on the brink whereof she was to be delivered, and if the child happened to be a daughter, they threw it into the pit, but if a son, they saved it alive." Sale, Prel. Disc. sect. v.

<sup>1</sup> Interpreted idols.

The sacrifice of their children in consequence of a vow, should some benefit be received, as that of having a certain number of sons, is said to have been common amongst them.

In the history of Northern Europe, <sup>1</sup> Hacon, King of Norway, is said to have offered up his son, to obtain of Odin the victory over his enemy Harold. <sup>2</sup> Aune, King of Sweden, devoted to Odin the blood of his nine sons, to prevail on that god to prolong his life.

Nor ring nor roundelaye, &c.

Witness those rings and roundelayes  
Of theirs which yet remain;  
Were footed in Queen Mary's dayes  
On many a grassy playne.  
But since of late Elizabeth  
And later James came in;  
They never danced on any heath,  
As when the time had been.

COBBET'S Old Song. The Fairy's Farewell.

<sup>1</sup> Saxo Grammaticus, lib. v.

<sup>2</sup> Wormius, Mon. Danic. lib. 1. mentioned in the Northern Antiquities of Mallet, chap. vii.

THE END.

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